The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

VIVIEN'S SONG.

Is love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal flowers;
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little fitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping; let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling, answer no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

I DREAMED a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter:
It seemed that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The bachelors grumbled, and said, 'twas no use—
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that to save their own heart's blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.
But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue:
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day."
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to fifty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?"
In a twink, every maiden responded, "I—I."
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice;
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

THE world is full of solemn tragedies,
Battles and bloodshed, and the wrongs of men,
But the most pitiful are played in secret,
In the lone theatres of human souls,
With no spectators but the eye of God.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Nov. 17th, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Returning from Williamsport to Longwood, passed the night in Philadelphia, where I met Miss Anthony in the home of Anna Dickinson—a neat three story brick house in Locust street. This haven of rest, where the world famous little woman comes ever and anon to recruit her overtaxed energies, is very tastefully furnished, adorned with numberless engravings, books and statuary. Her mother, sister and brother make up the household, a pleasing, cultivated trio. The brother is a quiet, thoughtful, handsome youth of good judgment and given to sage remarks; the sister, witty, intuitive and incisive in speech; the mother, dressed in rich Quaker costume, and though near seventy, still possesses great personal beauty. She is intelligent, dignified, refined, and in manner and appearance reminds one of Angelina Grimke as she looked in her younger days.

Everything about the house and its appointments indicates that it is the abode of genius and cultivation, and although Anna was absent, the hospitalities were gracefully dispensed by her family. Napoleon and Shakspeare seem to be Anna's patron saints, looking down on all sides from the wall. The mother amused us with the sore trials her little orator had inflicten on the members of the household by her vagaries in the world of fame.

Even Quakerdom it seems is not exempt from occasional offences in oratory, poetry, painting, and music, and such like temptations of the evil one. On the way to Kennett Square, a young gentleman pointed out to us the home of Benjamin West who distinguished himself, to the disgust of broad brims generally, as a landscape painter. In commencing his career, it is said he made use of the tail of a cat in lieu of a brush. Of course, Benjamin's first attempts were on the sly, and he could not ask pater familias for money to buy a brush without encountering the good man's scorn. Whether in the hour of his need and fresh enthusiasm, poor puss was led to the sacrificial altar, or whether he found her reposing by the road side, having paid the debt of Nature, our informant could not say; enough that in time he owned a brush and immortalized himself by his skill in its use. Such erratic ones as Whittier, West, and Anna Dickinson go to prove that even the prim, proper, perfect Quakers are subject to like infirmities with the rest of the human family.

I had long heard of the "Progressive Friends" in the region round about Longwood; had read the many bulls they issued from their "yearly meetings" on every question, of war, capital punishment, temperance, slavery, woman's rights; had learned that they were turning the cold shoulder on the dress habits and opinions of their Fathers, listening to the ministrations of such worldlings as William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Tilton, and Oliver Johnson, in a new meeting-house, all painted and varnished, with cushions, easy seats, carpets, stoves, a musical instrument, shade of George Fox forgive! and three brackets with vases on the "high seat," and more than all that, men and women were indiscriminately seated throughout the house.

All this Miss Anthony and I beheld with our own eyes, and in company with Sarah Pugh of Philadelphia and Chandler Darlington, did sit together in the high seat and talk in the congregation of the people. There, too, we met the Hannah Darlingtons and the Dinah Mendenhalls, names long known in every good work, and for the space of one day did enjoy the blissful serenity of that earthly Paradise. The women of Kennett Square are celebrated not only for their model housekeeping but their rare cultivation on all subjects of general interest. We were glad to install THE REVOLUTION by many a happy hearthstone, knowing that our journal must be improved by such affiliations. As the sons of Pennsylvania came up one after another to subscribe, we thought there was a slight twitching round the mouth and tremulousness of the hand, as if they feared that THE REVOLUTION in their midst might prove the signal for a general rebellion among the sisterhood. There was one young husband from Philadelphia who subscribed for two copies in a fair, round hand. His self-possessed manner, his faith in the situation, were pleasant to behold, while so many older men were seemingly harrassed with the fear that by some hocus pocus the women by their side, were, under the new regime, all to be transformed into men. On inquiry, I found this young man had a strong-minded mother and wife, so he had learned there was nothing to fear, as marriage, cradles, and darning needles were still institutions under his roof. The last view that pained my eyes on leaving Kennett, was of a majestic man, with flowing white beard, pressing the revised statutes of Pennsylvania to his heart. Poor fellow! he said our speeches had so unsettled him as to his own status, that he had just been to consult a lawyer, and was comforted to learn that he still had an abiding place on the earth, as by the right of courtesy the husband had a lieu on all his wife's possessions.

Of my perils and wanderings, heartburnings and disappointments in starting on a journey the very day the trains were all changed, I will tell you in my next.

E. C. S.

MRS. PAULINA W. DAVIS TO HORACE GREELEY.

THE following communication was sent originally to the New York *Tribune*, but not appearing in its pages, a copy has been forwarded to THE REVOLUTION:

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 9, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. GREELEY: Your article "Silk Attire," has convinced me that we are all out of gear; in fact, I am bewildered by the touching pathos of your rebuke. "The overwhelming

confusion of blue satin, black velvet and white hairs quite confounds me." That same satin and velvet having done duty for seventeen years, and been seen in several conventions without notice or comment from the press, seemed appropriate still; but alack! what excuse can I give for the white hair in its profusion, except to say it would grow, and would curl, and it was never steamed or frozen, powdered or pasted to bleach it, and it would turn white out of sheer perverseness, just as you, my dear sir, will persist in not admitting our Right to Suffrage. But before another convention the offending blue satin and white hair can be changed provided you can, from personal experience, insure me against all injury to health in using any of the dyes which you advertise; and while you are about it, will you recommend a cosmetic innoxious, to renew the complexion, to insure harmony? that will be essential, or would you advise enameling? in such a case if we must adjust our persons and toilets to the tastes of the critiques, it is but fair that you should give us the benefit of your best judgment. In these small matters, we can well afford to conform, if you will only come to our platform and see that we have no soiled planks there, either materially or politically. In Hartford we had the semblance at least, of a gorgeous parlor, rich, velvet chairs, a clean carpet, flowers and musical instruments. No spittoons, no cigar ends, no mysterious looking quids lying about to soil our dresses. Of course, Mrs. Stanton's court-dress, or even a white, would not have been out of place there. But that Roman scarf at Newport! Dear me, I did not dream there was more than one man in the nation to be disturbed by that overt act; well, perhaps we do not deserve Suffrage, if any of us throw about us a scarf, and if like to slip off, the unconscious hands tie it loosely on one side. I remember once to have seen an orator take from his pocket a red silk kerchief and put it over his head; there was a smile at the time, but I never saw any comment about it in the newspapers.

When we have Suffrage, we can then decide whether Lucretia Mott or Empress Eugenie shall regulate the costume of the platform. Twenty-five years ago Lucretia Mott advised some of the younger sisterhood not to adopt Quaker costume as it was inconvenient and untasteful. Now, Mr. Greeley, is it not rather begging the question to find fault with the dress of woman, and bring that as an answer to logical reasoning and earnest work for humanity, and to press upon us, old housekeepers, home duties that are second nature to us, and could not by any concatenation of circumstances be neglected for any public act of our lives?

You and I have not met in many years, but in olden times we were friends, and I want to ask you if you are not conscious that you have fallen from grace since Margaret Fuller taught you that there must be equality of right for the sexes, and since you accepted the watchwords of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity? Suppose you come over to breakfast with me some morning. The latch-string is always out at Westwood Hills. You will find there healthy children, rosy and joyous—the right persons in the right place all thorough the menage. And you shall have for bill of fare the best of *home baked bread*, gems and French rolls with coffee fit for the gods, and a chop or an omlette cooked scientifically. Then we will talk over the dear old blue satin, and the white hair, perhaps, the white coat, and decide in a friendly way what is best to be done with them. I confess to the liking of old-fashioned things and old friends better than new, but for the sake of peace I can yield them.

Yours, PAULINA W. DAVIS.

THE WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

BY JOHN NEAL.

THE proceedings of this body, as published in the *World*, betoken a large accession to believers. With two or three unimportant exceptions, the speeches are throughout of a character to secure the confidence of a careful reader, and a patient thinker, however opposed he may be to Woman Suffrage. And what more would you have, to begin with?

A comprehensive and well-considered "call," by Mrs. J. J. Croly on behalf of the committee, was first read, and then Mrs. Croly herself made an address worthy of the highest commendation, for candor and straightforwardness. Yet, if she will bear with me for a few minutes, I propose to question two or three of her most telling points, and ask her to reconsider them, as matters of fact.

For example, "Union is strength. Men know that, and act upon it. But they have begun to recognize *a mightier lever than the ballot*, for effecting whatever they want to accomplish, and that is *public opinion.*"

Granted—if public opinion be enforced by the ballot: otherwise not. Petitions from the powerless, are now, always have been, and always will be, unheeded, or neutralized by the question—how many are there on the other side? Even Mr. Greeley insisted upon *substantial unanimity*, as if such a thing were possible anywhere, at any time, either with men or women. He even goes so far as to say for our encouragement—bless the dear man!—that when the women of *this entire free country shall desire to vote*, then the day of the enforcement (meaning the day of their emancipation, perhaps) is—is what?—why, *is not far distant!* If these conditions are absurd, Mr. Greeley may off cap and begin to catch larks, for the skies will certainly fall, and though the "time may not be *far off*," the women that are left on this earth may be tired of waiting. And so, too, with Mrs. Stowe, and Mrs. Pierce, and Gail Hamilton. They all talk about a decided unanimity, a clear majority, etc., instead of "substantial unanimity," which must be something more than either. Well, if these are to be the conditions, the women may as well hang up their fiddles, and be off to Chicago, if married, and into nunneries, hospitals, alms-houses, and lunatic asylums, if unmarried, for die they must, of sheer inanition, if reforms are only to be brought about by *petitioning*, with "*substantial unanimity.*"

But Mrs. Croly goes further. "Two weapons women are free to use—either of them *mightier than the ballot*—the tongue and the pen." Indeed!—that the tongue of woman is mighty, and has been, from the first, according to all history and all tradition—but where? and how? In senate chambers, or legislative halls, or courts of justice? or only on the stage, in households, tea parties and pic-nics? That the pen is mighty, even in the hand of a woman, must be acknowledged—in fact, it is her only available weapon. With her it is a thousand-chambered pocket-pistol—equalizing strength, and no armor can withstand it. Ruffianism and brutality may not stand abashed, but they will cower beneath it when presented with a determined, unequivocal aim. But "mightier than the ballot!" either or both—no. If you doubt, ask the very men who applaud the loudest, if they would forego the ballot for the pen or tongue, or even for both, provided they could not have all three.

"But," continues this high-minded, noble-hearted, believing woman, "I do not wish to be understood, however, *as opposing the ballot.*" God forbid! "I shall accept it thankfully when it comes—less for what it can do, than as an evidence *that the contest is over.*" Here we have an admission which contradicts all that she says about the "tongue and pen," showing that the ballot is, after all, the "*consummation*" she looks to and is waiting; that "consummation devoutly to be wished" of all her hopes, plans and purposes.

And why? She would bring "public opinion" to bear upon our lawgivers. But who cares for public opinion unrepresented by voters? That petitions have been received from white slaves, though refused to black—only to be laughed at, and laid on the table, I acknowledge; while those of the smallest body, and sometimes from a single individual, *having the ballot*, are listened to with profound respect. Admitting the power of public opinion, it must be, if not "substantially unanimous," at least unequivocal, decided and convincing, or it availeth nothing in this great controversy of the day. But *voters* will be heard—and must be heard—whether many or few. So much for Mrs. Croly.

Next we have Miss C. S. Pierce—answering by mistake of the reporter, perhaps, for Mrs. Julia Fay Pierce, of Cambridge, who had just been nominated for the chair, and giving a delightful view, not of man as he is, but of man as he should be. Yet some of her positions are, to say the least of them, rather questionable. For example, she says "some time or other, the sexes must have started even, in the experience of human existence." But when was it? and where? When Adam took to gardening and Eve to cooking "on hospitable thoughts intent." But how long did it *probably* continue? *Probably*, until their male descendants wanted to rule, not only in their own lodges, but everywhere else, and woman, being the weaker vessel, had to yield, until she became a beast of burden among the first settlers, and even after Christianity had done something toward restoring and establishing her social and legal equality with man. A household necessity, or a toy and plaything, to be taken care of among the first families, just as hounds and horses are now, to be cherished and petted and blanketted and curry-combed for the master's gratification.

"But," she continues, "if they," the women, "have been left far behind in the race, they should be sure that they had *tried* as hard to win as men have, before they complain," etc. Tried as hard! But what was the use of trying, without tools, without help (such help as men receive from men) and without encouragement? Had men been treated from the first as women were—what would they have been, either morally or intellectually, by this time? Why not tell the women of China, or of Hindostan, of Timbuctoo, or Utah, that they have not *tried* to be otherwise? What was the use of *trying* from the first, when brute strength and the will of man, their master, was against them? And after something had been conceded, women were indulged, and were petted, enfeebled, enervated, paralyzed, and made hopelessly sub

missive for man's gratification, what use was there in trying to run a race with their crippled feet and darkened understandings?

But here we have a picture of married life, quite of a piece with Milton's in Paradise Lost. Of course, the lady is unconcerned. If both husband and wife are *true*—as idealities—"He loves her and trusts her, as his own ideal. *All is common between them.* He conceals nothing from her; he refuses her nothing (!) *He never acts without her approval* any more than she would without his sanction."

"All is common between them!" And yet everything belongs to him and nothing to her, not even her children. What she has, comes to her as a gift, a largess, and is often doled out to her by the pennyworth, although it may all have once belonged to her, may have been acquired separately by her in business, or may have been earned as a co-partner, he doing the out-door business of the firm, and she taking care of the expenditures and household administration. How would this *ideal* husband like to have "all things in common," after the same fashion, if they were to change places? Ask him for yourself.

But he "*never acts without her approval!*" Nonsense—he would be a ninny if this were true; and she another, if she followed his example. Each must be independent of the other, within a particular sphere. Each must reverence the other's equality and rights, if they mean to be happy. But enough. The address itself is full of wise and beautiful suggestions, and womanly tenderness—and as I have nothing more to complain of, I stop here.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.—A LETTER TO MY GIRL FRIENDS.

BY LIZZIE M. BOYNTON.

The organ of nature is tuned this morn.
In a wierd, yet beautiful, minor key.
E'en now, on the glad morning breezes borne,
Is welling a wonderful symphony,
A divinely musical mystery.

Mid the gay web of glad Summer's weaving,
Wild, clinging vines tangled up with bright leaves,
Autumn's sun-embrowned hands are now weaving
Glittering scarlet and berry-brown sheaves.
Looking afar now the right regal woods,
Arrayed in their richest, courtliest dress,
Wake in me feelings I cannot repress.
And I yield to nature's gorgeousness.

And who does not yield to the subtle, intoxicating beauty of these perfect October days? On such mornings life seems well worth living out and living nobly and with soul *en rappart* with the perfect morn. I have been thinking of the influence of beauty upon thought and character, and contrasting it with the practical surroundings of the majority of our American homes. At this moment I think of two homes (alas! as evidence of the impossibility of an American girl remaining many minutes in the land of the imagination, at this very moment the Rembrantesque shadows of my room are darkened, as our domestic rushes in with the request, "please to write 'Preserve Quinces'" on some papers); one, known as the "handsomest house of the village," the other, as the "coziest little retreat in the world." The first was built of the genuine brown stone, the other of "simple wood." In the first there are velvet carpets, damask curtains, and solid silver. In the drawing room there are six chairs, always placed at regular intervals throughout the room; two heavily gilded mirrors; one table which is always burdened with four large books and an album; a grand piano which we imagine to be keyless, inasmuch as it is never open; two pictures, copies of the well known portraits of "George" and "Martha Washington." Two vases of wax-flowers and a silver card-receiver complete the comforts and luxuries of the room. Our calls there are usually hurried and formal, our attempt to smile is reproduced by the girl in the mirror assuming the characteristics of a grin. We are as void of ideas as the room is of suggestive objects, and as soon as we have disposed of the weather and that blessed photograph album we take our departure. *Au contreirie.* The other home is so filled with suggestive pictures and statuettes, attractive new books and music, and an atmosphere of comfort and refinement that we generally stay to tea, enjoying everything, from the hanging baskets in the front hall to the cluster of brilliant Autumn leaves on the tea-table, and yet oh, Mrs Shoddy! there is not a velvet carpet on the floor or any real damask at the windows.

God has evinced His regard for the ministrations of beauty, by broidering the sky with stars, the earth with flowers, and the sea with shells, and yet we shut beautiful nature out, and ourselves in between bleak white walls, and so become a practical, money-getting people.

Now, my dear girl friends, you that eagerly await the advent of the "Coming Woman," if we would have her refined, noble and pure, then must her home be in an atmosphere of beauty and pure suggestions. But what do we do? One of our girl friends is about to leave us, to go from her childhood's home a bride. We cluster around her with parting gifts. Gifts that we hope will serve to remind her of us during the years of our separation; and what are these gifts? Nine times in ten, they are either *something to eat with or something to wear.* Spoons, forks, castors, cake-baskets, fish-knives, berry-dishes, or lace collars, or handkerchiefs, jewelry, or other ornaments; now, owing to the usages of modern civilization, spoons, knives, etc., are indispensible to housekeepers, and they will in some manner be provided, while books and pictures, not being deemed absolutely indispensible, will be ignored at that *expensive crisis.* And, as to the laces, so surely as the bride is a girl, she will look to the matter of laces pretty carefully. Again, the silver might tarnish or the lace wear out, while the pictures, things of beauty would remain a "joy forever." Better a suggestive picture on the wall, or a book filled with elevating thoughts in the library, and the berries in a china or (better still), a glass dish, than bare walls, and empty shelves with berries in silver.

Three days since I wandered amid October's beauty; enriched myself with brilliant leaves for winter garlands; dispatched a friend to distant "shades" for the delicate greenery of ferns, and yet I was not content.

I thought of the coming winter, with its barrenness of bloom and coloring, and longed to retain the oriental softness of the sunlight and the weird shadows of the crystal waters. That evening there came to me from those promoters of art, Prang & Co. of Boston, a little chromo, entitled "Early Autumn," and I almost danced as I discovered the October sunshine and shadows, imprisoned and brought as a regal captive to adorn our home. And in view of my enjoyment of the pictures and books coming from thoughtful friends, I confess with regret that I have never given a bride a picture.

Dear *girls, if* you would have your rough, rollicksome brothers, or your too practical husbands, refined and softened, try the effect of flowers, vines, pictures, books, and an atmosphere of love and beauty. Amid all elevating influences, all pure suggestions, let us educate the coming woman.

Since not the warrior ambition, not the giant legislation, but the little child-love is to lead in the golden age.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS IN TURKEY.

The journey of her French Majesty into Mohametania is not without significance in ways not expected nor intended. A correspondent of the Paris *La Patria*, writing from Constantinople under the date of October 15th, shows what a liberation of Turkish women from the thraldom of ages has already succeeded the visit of her Majesty to that mighty metropolis of the Mahometan faith. Below is an extract:

The influence of the great Sultana of the Franks, as the people of Galata say, bowing with respect, is manifested in a most visible way in the sense of the regeneration of woman in this part of the European continent. The signal is given, and nothing will be able to stop this advance in its course. You may say that this is beginning with trifles; well, what of that? A marshal of France has made his *debut* in life with a rattle and a wooden sword. The little feminine revolution which is going on is significant: already since the day before yesterday, many Turkish ladies have given up the veil in the streets; others, less bold, or whose husbands are not so easy, continue to wear it, but it is of such fine gauze, so transparent, that it serves rather to deck the face than to hide it. Almost all have spontaneously renounced the hideous *beguin* which imprisoned their heads, and although still veiled, they have a very pretty head-dress, consisting of the little Hungarian cap, or the little plate of flowers which people have agreed to call a bonnet; lastly, the *papouch*—the hideous *papouch* (slipper)—in yellow, red or blue morocco, in which the foot widened and the ankle was spoilt, is generally replaced by the elastic boot. One boot-maker has completely sold out his stock since the day before yesterday; as for the milliners, they do not know what to do first, they are so busy. This revolution, thus commenced, will never stop; and before a year, perhaps, the Mussulman woman, in European Turkey, will have conquered her place in the house; she will no longer be the wearied, idle, and almost useless being we see her now; she will become a woman, and on that day, willingly or unwillingly, the Turks must think of becoming men like others; and when that happens, this people, which is regarded, not without an appearance of reason, as a people asleep, will be able to accomplish great things. In this respect the stay of the Empress at Constantinople, awakening new ideas among the Turkish population, is considered by thinkers as the commencement of a new future. The old *mollahs* cry out; they shake their white beards in terror; they are allowed to say and do as they like, but the movement on the path of progress continues its onward march.

For the best, Constantinople is now quite a French town; the names of streets are written in French as well as Turkish; French is the only language one hears spoken in the streets. Fifteen years ago, it was Italian or English, now these two idioms are confined to the counting-houses. The streets are being pav-

ed in the French fashion, pathways are being made, colonnades with glazed roofs, containing elegant shops are being built; and yet, French commerce in this city as throughout the East, is below that of England and Austria.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON WOMAN'S ELOQUENCE.

Dear Revolution: I take pleasure in sending you a verbatim report of the remarks of Mr. Beecher, in his own pulpit, on giving notice that Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Burleigh would speak before the Equal Rights Association in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. These words seem to me most just and pertinent, and they should go far, I think, to encourage all timid souls who, hearing the voice of God in their hearts, are yet hesitating to "preach good tidings unto the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." H.

I am glad to announce another meeting of this kind. One part of the progress which is making has been achieved and completed—namely, the unobstructed and undeniable capacity of woman to address public meetings, both instructively and winningly. Indeed, it may be said that it would be very difficult to gather together twelve men who would have the same capacity for public speaking that twelve women would, who could be easily gathered together, both for logical directness, for unblemished dignity and propriety of manner, and for genuine eloquence.

Nor does it belong to color alone. I never heard any public speaking with more delight and surprise than I heard a part of the address of Mrs. Harper, that was delivered at a late meeting in the Academy of Music in this city.

Eloquence and wisdom belong to the human family, and not to stock races—certainly not to races that think they have appropriated everything that God ever spared for this world.

It is to be remembered that thus far women have spoken at great disadvantage. All those institutions which train men, are in the main, shut to them. Almost none of those channels which give both opportunity and incitement and reward to men, are open to them. They are obliged to do that which it is not natural for women to do—namely, be contestants. They are obliged, literally, to fight their way into permission to speak; and in this attitude their strongest force is not really developed. By and by, when there is a larger wisdom, and a larger kindness, it will be found that woman is adapted to develop some sides of truth which are quite impossible to man; and there will be new openings in the direction of both teaching and oratory. And if, in this struggle for the liberty of speech, now and then some overbold and zealous heart is carried a little too far, giving sneering men occasion to charge them with shrewishness, what wonder? They are put into an unnatural position by public sentiment, and not by their own actions; and it would not be strange if there were some oscillations before woman, in this respect, achieved her true position, and was permitted unobstructedly, and without any kind of adventitious force, to deliver that which God gave her to say to her kind.

But fortunately, I ask your attention to-morrow night, at the Academy of Music, to addresses by two ladies, to whom we might very safely leave the advocacy of this cause. If any one can listen to Lucy Stone and say that that woman has not a right to speak, I know not what he is made of; and if any one can listen to Mrs. Burleigh, and say that that woman, when she goes on the platform, loses her sex, is transformed, is no longer a woman, then I know not what stuff he is made up of. I ask you to hear these two ladies not because they are so *elect*, not because there are no others,—for there are, and not a few—but because they happen to present to us womanly sense and womanly grace combined in both of them.

FERN LEAVES.

I do not know who writes the editorials on the Woman question in its various aspects, in our more prominent New York papers. I read them from day to day with real disappointment at their immaturity, their flippancy, their total lack of manliness and respect for, or appreciation of, true womanhood. That the writers are not known beyond their office, seems to be a very unmanly reason for their misrepresentations. Every morning I ask, have these men mothers, wives, sisters, who so persistently misrepresent the doings of self-respecting, self-supporting, intelligent women.....Have the editors of these papers in which these attacks appear, never gladly employed just such women to lend grace, wit, and spirit to their own columns, that they have only sneers and taunts for the cause they espouse, and never a brave, kind, sympathetic recognition of their philanthropic effort? Is the cause so utterly Quixotic, espoused by such women, who make their own homes bright with good cheer, neatness, taste and wholesome food, that they cannot gallantly extend a manly hand after it and help them over those bright thresholds, and out into a world full of pain and misery, to lift the burden from their less favored sisters?

If they have the misfortune not to know such women among the strong-minded, would it not be better to seek them out, and better inform themselves on the subject upon which they daily write?

The pioneer women who have bravely gone forward, and still keep "marching on," undaunted in the face of this unmanly and ungenerous dealing, have, doubtless, counted the cost and will not be hindered by it. I do not fear that; but I do regret that any editor of a prominent paper in New York should belittle it and himself, by allowing any of his employees to keep up this boyish pop-gun firing into the air.

Fanny Fern.

TRAIN IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

One of the most readable articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for December, is entitled, "All About John." by Mr. A. D. Richardson. In the course of it he finds space for the following on a person not wholly unknown to the readers of The Revolution:

The only appeal for justice to "John Chinaman," which I heard in California, came from an unexpected source. One evening I went to the Metropolitan Theatre to hear George Francis Train on "Things in General." It was his twenty-second lecture, but the house was full. I wonder how many men there are in America not "fools" or "buffoons," who, merely as lecturers, can crowd a large theatre in a metropolitan city every night for four weeks! Train—the excitement of the hour—was anathematizing the British Lion, urging the substitution of greenbacks for specie, denouncing the Bank of California—the overshadowing money power of the coast—burlesqueing some pet pretensions of the Golden State, and satirizing the local newspapers, with his usual queer dovetailing of shrewd sense and wild extravagance. I suppose his success in San Francisco was due partly to his repartees, which are often exceedingly *bright*, and partly to his tremendous vitality, for he is unquestionably the most live man of his day and generation. The Californians enjoy fun amazingly; and they give freer play to individuality, and extend more toleration and even encouragement to eccentricity than any other people on the globe. They expect one to be "singular," and if he is not, they have a haunting suspicion that he is juiceless and commonplace. They have not yet risen to our wise habit of condemning a man by wholesale for some one weakness of theory or character, and concluding that he is a fool on general principles because he happens to be wild upon a single subject.

The audience was a very unique one. Three-fourths of its number, perhaps, were Irish—many of them raw and ignorant—and the other one-fourth the most thoughtful and cultivated men and women of the city, who had gone to study the speaker as an intellectual phenomenon. Train appeared in his familiar white kids and blue dress coat with brass buttons. He began with his usual announcement that he was on his way to the White House (*does* he really believe it?) and certain to arrive there in the year of grace 1872. At hand stood his favorite blackboard, upon which he illustrated everything with fearful and wonderful diagrams. He spoke for two and a half hours. The phrase "as good as a play," would fall far short of describing the performance. I was never present at any entertainment so interesting and exciting. I never saw any man hold an audience so perfectly or handle it with so little apparent effort. His rambling, free and easy talk contained many time-honored jokes, some outbursts of impassioned rhetoric, and a good deal of spontaneous wit. The audience acted promptly upon his invitation to ask questions or to reply to any of his points, and in every case he had a ready and ingenious answer.

But when he came to the Chinese question he was on delicate, inflammable ground with three-fourths of his auditors. Five minutes talk with him in the wrong direction would have stimulated those Irishmen into an armed attack upon the Chinese quarter, and the bloodiest riot ever seen in the United States. But he took a high, manly stand, defending the Chinese and denouncing vehemently the wrongs and outrages to which they are subjected. This kindled the fiercest excitement; the audience would not have borne it from any one else than the great apostle of Fenianism. As it was, we seemed to stand two or three times on the perilous edge of translation into a maddened and blood-thirsty mob. There were amusing episodes, but the hearers were too much wrought up to appreciate them. Once, while speaking very fast, Train said: "It is useless to talk of keeping the Chinamen away. Here they are! Twelve hundred of them arrived this very afternoon upon a single ship. You can't send them back. Will you shoot them? What *will* you do with them?" "Vaccinate them!" shouted a wag from one of the galleries—a witticism which was altogether lost upon the heated crowd, but which I here record to show that good seed is never wasted.

At last Train, warm with his subject, and

fairly angered by the shootings of dissent, exclaimed with great emphasis, while the house was so still that a pin might have been heard to drop: "I don't care whether you like it or not, I am for the Chinese. I am in favor of inviting them here; I am in favor of protecting them when they get here; I am in favor of giving them the ballot!" When the storm of hisses had lulled, he continued: "Look here, Irishmen of San Francisco. See how you are destroying all the power of your friends by this wretched bigotry! Do you want to rekindle the old Know-Nothing spirit? You came to this country. You accepted its hospitalities. Whatever you are, it has made you. Is there any Irishman in this house so narrow, so mean, so utterly contemptible that he would deny to any other man seeking our shores the same welcome, the same opportunities which he enjoyed? If so, let him stand forth: we all want to see his face!"

No one had the hardihood to stand up on this invitation. But the auditors did not at any time applaud the suggestion that we should give Johnny the ballot. To every other plea of Train's, after some mitigating hisses, they were beguiled into expressing their approbation. How quickly men answer appeals to their better nature! Many of those upturned faces bore lines of ignorance, prejudice, brutality; but their owners responded promptly to almost every invocation to their manlier instincts. And in talking thus to them and to Irishmen all over the Pacific Coast, Train has done a praiseworthy and invaluable work.

WOMAN AND MANNERS.

LIBERTY OR MONARCHY.

BY ANDRE LEO.

(Continued.)

Happily we have formed the noble, disinterested habit of allowing social matters to go on as they like; concerning ourselves chiefly with our own affairs, our sleep is not disturbed by outside occurrences. One is an idealist, or he is not. It is charming to live with one's feet in the mire and eyes on the clouds. Sometimes, however, when we are robbed or assassinated (debauchery and cruelty, are, according to phrenology, closely united), when we are made bankrupt, when our daughter marries a roué; when our son loses fortune, body and soul; when social enervation presents itself to the world in immeasurable meanness; when hypocrisy, having reached that limit which separates it from cynicism, laughs in our face; when, here and there, from under the hand of the judge, vent-holes open, issuing suffocating and mephitic vapors; when crime elbows us, touches us lightly, bursts here, there, below, above, everywhere; when, finally, facts become more and more an unqualified insolence, then, indeed, do we find that all goes wrong, and we are seized with anxiety.

Formerly, the poor were forced to behave well; the sons of the rich only were privileged to indulge in debauchery. But now the equality of bad life becomes revolting. The common man uses woman as do the nobility and bourgoise. Every year 75,000 illegitimate citizens are born, and this state of things increases—it is sustained with energy by the masses—it opens its reign in a princely manner. The family is nearly blotted out, property, legitimate or not, is menaced. Formerly all these things were laughed at, and among men of wit they gave rise to a graceful humor which for the time, relieved our gay, easy nature. But now, when everybody is concerned, there are truly no means left for making it endurable.

There is also the question of luxury. Woman, *born to please*, accepts her destiny with such earnestness, that the toilet question has become in every household, like those government questions, where the revenue fails and borrowing must be resorted to; and, in the same way honor and conscience must bear their expense in this system, without regard to the final ruin. Oh, my God, one must live! But, whilst *here* to live, is to have a piece of bread, *there*, it is to have turbot, satin and lace. Both sides yield equally to hard necessity. The greater part of married women sell, it is true, only their husbands. If the husband stupidly object to this course does he not deserve to lose his wife's affection? is it not his fault that she yields to a more ardent devotion? You men are indeed an enigma: you hold that woman is born to please—you allow her to do nothing else—you forbid her serious things—you command her to be frivolous—she is what you have made her; but now, if her pretty fingers play with honor, delicacy, political faith—if her little feet, dressed in satin, crush, in dancing, those things which she cannot comprehend, why do you complain? Is it not for you to praise her obedience? But where woman is concerned man does not wish to be logical, and does not, indeed, seem able to be. Yet more and more facts impress and convince him. Having become in society a social danger, in the family a cause of demoralization and ruin, he beholds the inexorable question which now assumes political importance, which touched this ground long since, but is now seen by all eyes. They have just perceived the bearing of the fact that woman was raised in the lap of the Church, or in the principles of modern faith.

At first it was thought that for her, as well as for children and people at large, religion was good, but it was found (by a miracle which they had never suspected) that the slavery of woman is opposed to the liberty of man; that if the Pope still reigns, it is by her grace, in spite even of the Emperor; and that these infamous ones who have not the right to vote, do, nevertheless, influence elections. Yes, the thing has become so clear, that it is no longer to be doubted—mortifying and embarrassing though it be.

Behold the past, which defies the future, in battle array! for the question is of the existence or non-existence of all that which dates from the conquests of the revolution; and one is obliged to acknowledge that it is a serious thing to have one half the human family either for, or against. Also our femo-democrats, who are in spite of all, preservers of household monarchy, who have been, up to the present time, neither more polite nor less despotic than the Church, begin to make concessions; they are seriously considering, among themselves, how they shall render woman capable to raise up young democrats of her own sex for the salvation of society.

Good people, take care! logic is inflexible. To make democrats woman must necessarily be such herself. There is but one step from emancipation to enfranchisement. Return to the Fathers of the Church, represented in this degenerate age by Mgr. Dupanloup, or give to woman the rights of a human being. There is no middle ground. The rights of a human being! that is to say, equality? "Stop there!" cries the battalion of physiologists and psychologists, to whom for the last dozen years we have been indebted for so many ingenious observations, and minute details, delicate and fantastic, on woman; so many decisions full of masculine crudity, with so many scientific and other conclusions. No! we must better associate woman with *our* action—we must make her our aid and co-operator in these things, but under our neccessary direction, and always with reserve and moderation. For this is not a question of right, but of utility. The subordination of woman is the law even of nature. Woman is not, and cannot be, the equal of man. She is his inferior physically, intellectually.... —and morally?

Ah! on this point opinions differ. All literary men of feeling make woman the genius of sentiment; certain logicians—more consistent—represent her, on the contrary, as an unjust creature, arbitrary and passionate, whose sentiment is but an instinct, humanized by the imagination. Here is matter for controversy.

Let us discuss. But we will first make a resumé of the preceding examination. Whence comes social demoralization? From the material dependence of woman, otherwise speaking, from the insufficiency of her salary, from the impossibility, she finds, to support herself. Whence comes corruption in state, the yjeldings of conscience in regard to salaries—the general necessity for luxury and excess? material considerations ruling and replacing all others? liberty and dignity lost in the present, and menaced in the future? From whence, less than a hundred years after Voltaire, the continued reign of darkness—and eighty years after the Declaration of the Rights of Man, the reinthronement of despotism? From this moral and intellectual dependence of woman which renders her a stranger to thought, to right, to justice, to honor, and abandons her entirely to servile occupation, or to frivolous tastes over-excited by vanity.

Exaggeration! say you—holding that this is attributing too much importance to a single cause? But what! In forty million souls, are twenty million regarded as a small part? Do we find many causes more general than this? Particularly when we must acknowledge that the other half must suffer the reaction of this system, and take its share of the vices it produces. If our faults are the result of ignorance and enervation,—the fact that half of the nation is brought up in subjection and superstition, sufficiently explains all the unpunished excesses of the double servitude, political and religious, to which we are subject.

TO DO A SUPPER.

Rev. T. K. Beecher has done one. One or may be more than one, for he talks wisely and well about it, as though from long practice in that line. A little former experience in the same self service when left, like Mr. Beecher, sometimes without a *supper getter* enabled me to say something about it once in The Revolution. Readers may have forgotten it, but this experience of Mr. Beecher is better told and will be longer remembered. Observe, it is only a supper, not a dinner which he did and describes:

Gentlemen, all! We go into a room and see a table ready set. It seems to us *one* thing—a supper. It is, in fact, from fifty to two hundred separate things, taken down one by one for us to use, and for "*her*" to wash and put back whence they came. There is a plate of

biscuit. To that plate of simplicity we with our own hands and feet brought together a new quick fire for baking, viz.: kindling wood, raking out stove, and hod of coal. Flour from the bin, shortening from the gravy drip down cellar, salt from one box, sugar from another, soda from the jar, acid (muriatic) from a bottle, a spoon, a pitcher of water, a dripping pan and a tin pan for mixing up these ingredients; and, after all, happening to forget the things for ten minutes, we burned the biscuit half through in a way which we men reckon quite unpardonable in a cook. Meanwhile that one plate of biscuit added to the eternal dish-wash, too spoons, two pans, one plate, and a little cup. Just a little piece of steak contributed eight pieces to the dish-wash. A few strawberries sent in, six pieces to be got ready to soil again. Four eggs impressed themselves on six separate articles.

Gentlemen, we began at ten minutes of six, and a quarter to eight we found ourselves triumphant—everything cleared away except the dish-cloth. You see we washed up the bread-pan, the dish-pan and the sink, scalding them all (and our fingers too), and dried them off with the dish cloth. Now, where on earth can we go to wash out that dish-rag? Not in the clean pan! Not over the clean, dry sink! We stood aghast for five minutes and then wadded up the rag, round like a ball, and tucked it into the far corner of the sink, and shut down the cover. Our sink has a cover. But that rag, though hidden, was heavy on our conscience. "*She*" never would have done so. We have seen clean dish-cloths, but how they washed them passes our skill.

And so, as we said, "she" is away leaving us to thought and good resolutions. We shall be a wiser and a better man for at least two days after her return. And whenever we stop to think, shall rank a successful housekeeper and home-maker, as a worker second to none on a scale of achievement and deserving. Her services are like the air, the rain and the sunshine, indispensable, yet too often enjoyed without thanksgiving.

SUGGESTIONS.

While thanking our excellent friend, Mr. Stone, for his suggestions, we might remind him that we have gladly given his articles room when he has favored us with them, and shall be happy to continue his acquaintance; and will thank him to make such selections also from the works he names, or others, as are consistent with the space and the objects of The Revolution.

Dear Revolution: Allow me to suggest in a friendly spirit that the articles you publish on "The Money Market" appear to be only a rehash of similar articles published in most of the daily papers, and are unworthy of a paper like The Revolution, which is rather a journal to discuss *the principles* which are the basis of human rights, and which include and are in harmony with the rights of women. If you would devote the same space to giving the history of the most important phases of banking, including monetary crises and the attendant suffering, you would do a service to your subscribers and the world. Give, for instance, those chapters in J. W. Gilbart's History of Banking which compare the different systems of the English, Irish and Scotch Banks. Especially the chapter which explains cash, credits, and their remarkable adaptation to an agricultural population. Give chapters from R. H. Patterson's "Science of Finance," published by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1868. This gives the history of the financial crisis of 1866, and much information new in this country, in a style delightful to read and cogent in its logic. Both of these books were written by men who were practical as well as theoretical, and who reasoned out what should be, from observing what had been.

Respectfully yours, Henry N. Stone.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 18, 1869.

Delia Collins has started in Ohio a paper opposed to Woman Suffrage.

Foreign Correspondence.

ENGLISH LETTER—NO. XXXVII.

Manchester, November, 1869.

MUNICIPAL SUFFRAGE EXERCISED BY WOMEN.

On the first day of this month the election of that portion of the city councils, in the municipal towns, which is renewed by rotation, took place all over the country, and women ratepayers exercised the right of Suffrage, which they now possess for the first time. Unless there are rival candidates for the office of Town Councillor there is no voting. From the accounts that have come in, it appears that in a majority of towns no contest took place. In Manchester, where some seven thousand women have been enfranchised by the new law, the elections were contested in nine Wards. The election is not by ballot, but the voting-papers have to be handed in to the booth by the voter in person. It appears from the reports of the different contests that a large number of women availed themselves of their new electoral rights. Many women have voted in other towns also. But a sense of the duty and dignity of citizenship is not the growth of a day, and women's education hitherto has led them to ignore these things; it will therefore be some time before the new formula of the addresses of candidates—"Ladies and Gentlemen"—that appeared on the walls and in the newspapers last week, will meet with a full response from the newly-enfranchised voters. Meantime here are some of the first fruits from Exeter:

In no borough that we have yet heard of, says the Exeter *Gazette*, have the ladies shown more interest in the municipal elections than in Exeter. Out of 699 on the burgess roll, considerably more than half (396—four-sevenths) went to the poll. When it is remembered that it was the first election in which ladies could vote, this proportion is most creditable to their public spiritedness.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY OPEN TO WOMEN.

Another triumph of justice and common sense took place last week by the decision of the University Council to open its gates to women. It is thus celebrated by a Manchester editor:

The victory which the women have just achieved in the General Council of the University of Edinburgh is a very important step towards that complete "recognition" at the hands of the other sex for which some of their number have so long and earnestly labored. No reasonable being expects that it will effect a revolution in the science of medicine, but it is not too much to suppose that it may lead to certain practical advantages. The number of women who will heartily and singly espouse the medical profession will probably never at any time be considerable, but it is very desirable to allow the enthusiasts who will embrace it as a holy mission to do so without placing any special obstacles in their way. Besides, in a matter of this kind, we are bound to have regard to what other nations are doing. At this moment we have a statement from the University of Zurich which has a practical bearing on the question. Four years ago there was only one woman studying medicine at the University; next year there were two, the following year four, and last year eight; and now there are sixteen. It is stated, on the authority of a known friend of the movement, that "none of the inconveniencies which it was feared might arise from women being allowed to share the schools with men have at present been experienced. The classes are as large as ever, and the Dean reports that the innovation has undoubtedly improved the discipline of the school."

Five ladies are now each, as the Matriculation Certificate describes them, "*Civis Academiæ Edenensis.*"

Edinburgh has thus attained the honor of leading the way, as far as the Universities of the United Kingdom are concerned, in a course which, sooner or later, must be adopted by all other seats of learning. The ladies who took high places in the examinations have begun their classes this week. Their names are Miss Jex Blake, Mrs. Thorne, Miss Matilda C. Chaplin, Miss Evans, Miss Peachy. They are to form a separate class from the other medical students, but to go through the same course of studies, and be subjected to the same examinations.

There was a very animated discussion at the meeting of the General Council of the University, when the Lord Chancellor announced to that body the report of the University Court and of the formation of Medical Classes for Women. The Rev. Dr. Phin, Assessor for the General Council, rose in opposition to the measure. His speech is too long to quote, but I give you the climax of the argument:

He objected to females becoming practitioners of surgery and medicine, because, speaking of them generally, he held them to be both physically and mentally disqualified from acting as surgeons or even as physicians in those nerve-trying cases which doctors must constantly anticipate. They made excellent nurses in ordinary ailments, but surgeons and physicians must go far further than that. Doubtless there were exceptions to what he had been saying about the general character of women, but these exceptions he believed to be so few that they could not justify the change which was now sought. The argument which was founded upon these exceptions would open all professions to the other sex (hear, hear)—his own profession for example. (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) He did not enlarge upon this, because he always desired in this Council to avoid everything like theological discussion (hear, hear)—and because the subject had been brilliantly illuminated in the far north lately. (A laugh.) There was no possibility of disputing, however, that ladies had been impressive and acceptible speakers on these topics. Were they then to open the University to women as preachers? Or take the splendid profession of the Lord Chancellor? Some ladies were not only fluent, but clear-headed, and they would make admirable barristers, perhaps even Judges. Were they to admit them to the legal classes, with a view to their future career at the bar or on the bench? He must come even to a higher profession. Some ladies showed themselves in their own houses thorough legislators, and why then should they not sit in the Legislature of the nation? This had not been proposed in this country, but the right of women to choose legislators had been advocated by the greatest thinker of the age. Then, again, some females were not only courageous and brave, but they had great muscular power, and on occasions had proved themselves ready to fight, and why should they not enlist them as soldiers? The truth was, the women of whom he had spoken were exceptional. They were not to make a regulation for the sex founded upon their peculiarity. That was precisely the way in which he argued with reference to the case now before the Council. There were comparatively few women who were desirous to be recognized as medical practitioners. Granted that some of the few would do well in the profession which they desired to enter, he held that it was inexpedient to depart from well-established good rules for their sake. He had been told that the Medical Faculty was against him. He was well aware of that, but notwithstanding the great respect which he felt for the members of the Medical Faculty in this University, and for the members of the other Faculties also who had agreed with the majority of the Medical Faculty in this matter, he was not very much moved by the fact of this opposition. Dr. Phin concluded by moving that the General Council disapprove of the resolution of the University Court to admit ladies to medical study in the University of Edinburgh.

Dr. Andrew Wood seconded this motion on behalf of the medical men who were starving for want of employment. He recommended the Law, or Divinity, as more suited to women and more "clearly profession," and talked in the usual way about the "proper sphere of women," and the danger of unsexing them, propositions which the audience appeared to estimate at their just value.

In reply Professor Masson said that, in the interest of what he considered a most important public question, in the interest of five women who were not present to represent themselves, for the credit of the great Univer-

sity to which they belonged, for the credit of the city, he rose to meet Dr. Phin's motion with as dead, as direct, and as complete opposition as he could. (Applause.) Having referred briefly to the history of the movement, and stated that three or four years ago an effort was made to have the medical classes in the University of London opened to ladies, and that the University of Zurich, where some years ago a beginning was made with one female student, had now eight ladies, one of whom belonged to Edinburgh, studying medicine, Professor Masson went on to notice the result of the application which had been made by Miss Jex Blake for admission into the University of Edinburgh, and to refer to the decision of the Senatus and the University Court.

After giving an analysis of the several examinations which had taken place in the Matriculating classes, in which ladies had distinguished themselves very creditably, he added:

The results, in general, were that not one of the five women were plucked, four of them were among the very first in all, or most of the subjects: and taking a combined view of the various subjects, the women ranked with three or four men as *facile principes* of the whole examination. Here, at all events, was a kind of argument. The Medical Council of the three kingdoms had decided what intellectual qualifications were desirable and necessary before there could be admission to the study of medicine; and of the 152 who had marched in procession to this wicket or door, when they examined and analyzed them they found there were four women who went in altogether. He had listened to the two speeches which had been delivered, and they might expect from the ability of the speakers that the best would be said on the other side of the question. But he knew all that they could say, though they were to talk for four fortnights on the subject. There was not one who had taken an interest in this subject that had not walked over all the fallacies and phrases and supposed arguments that had been advanced. There was a phrase which was a summary of the whole, the "sphere of women," though one of the speakers tried to avoid that phrase most judiciously, which lay at the depth of all that they argued. This phrase was not only a phrase which was meaningless, but because it was meaningless it was most hurtful and prejudicial. The sphere of women, who could tell what it was? The sphere of men, who could tell what it was? The sphere of man or woman was the whole round of space, any position they could fill honorably or usefully by their mind or their ability.

Professor Masson concluded by moving that "Women be admitted to the study of medicine in the University of Edinburgh."

Professor Bennet seconded the motion in an excellent speech, and was followed by Mr. Skelton (advocate), Sir Alexander Grant, and others, on the same side of the question.

In conclusion a show of hands being taken, the Chancellor said he had no hesitation in announcing that there was a large majority in favor of Professor Masson's motion.

The *Scotsman* newspaper says with reference to this decision:

The resolution to admit females to medical degrees was no more than was reasonable to be expected. It is manifestly too late in the day to resist this innovation. The movement has vindicated its propriety elsewhere by the irresistible logic of success; and when such a body as the University of Paris has recognized it, Edinburgh could gain nothing by refusal except the distinction of being old fashioned and the loss of an important class of students. It is probable that everybody is pleased with the result, and all is well that ends well.

That is assuming that we have seen the end; but perhaps that is assuming too much. In reading the addresses of the different speakers at the meeting, it is impossible to avoid putting, not in horror, but in curiosity, the question—What next, and next? Dr. Phin seemed to think that he had effected a triumphant *reductio ad absurdum* of the innovators' position when he asked, if women could be surgeons or physicians, why should they not also preach, prelect, plead, judge, fight, vote, or legislate? But he must have felt humbled, if he has any turn for humility, on finding that his opponents, instead of running off, took his bull by the horns. Why not? was the answer. Even Dr. Andrew Wood did not see why ladies should not take to law or divinity, which, with a touching admission of his own insanitariness, he regards as "cleanly professions." Professor Masson does not see why women should not occupy "any position they can fill honorably or usefully by their mind or ability." Professor Bennett puts the "study of all other things" on the same footing with the study of medicine, as "not a matter of sex, but a matter of mind and ability." Sir Alexander Grant will leave the settlement of women's professions between them and the public; the women can best judge whether a profession is fit for them, and the public whether they are fit for the profession. Mr. Skelton knows of no reason why women should not be Professors of Moral Philosophy or Biblical Criticism, except that it might be difficult to get them old enough—a difficulty perhaps neither insurmountable nor unsurmounted. In short, the principle is unequivocally proclaimed that there should be no legal barriers in woman's way towards any calling. If women are not to be judges or legislators, let it be for the same reasons that they are not boiler-makers or drivers of stage-coaches—simply because, on trial, they are found not to have the power or taste for doing the work well. Nature can settle the matter without help, or rather the encumbrance, of statute.

In his opening address this week, the Principal, Sir Alexander Grant, congratulated his colleagues of the University of Edinburgh on "the zeal and energy of some of the most eminent Professors in aiding in the promotion of the higher education of women, and on the beginning now made of more direct steps to be taken by the University towards the same desirable and proper end."

ARTS AND SCIENCES FOR WOMEN IN OUR MODERN ATHENS.

The third session of the Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association is about to open. To the classes for English Literature, Natural Philosophy and Logic, which I have mentioned in former letters as very successful, a class for the study of Mathematics is now to be added. The Professors report the "experiment" to be "eminently satisfactory," and the Committee of Management promises still further to widen the curriculum until it includes a "most complete scheme of Arts."

The Edinburgh School of Arts has also taken a step in advance, the Directors having decided to open the classes to women.

FRU JERICHAN, THE DANISH ARTIST.

The centre of attraction in this hemisphere at present is the Suez Canal. Gentle and simple, writers and artists, princes and people, of all countries, are hastening to the scene to assist at the inauguration. Fru Jerichan, one of the two female Royal Academicians in Denmark, whose works are frequently exhibited in London, and whose name is familiar to artists in this country and in America, is to be present at the opening ceremony. She will make sketches and studies of the picturesque groups which are to congregate on that occasion. The entire length of the Suez Canal, from Port Said, in the Mediterranean, to the roadstead of Suez in the Red Sea, is one hundred miles. Europe, Asia, and Africa have each contributed laborers to this stupendous work. Greeks, Albanians, Montenegrins, Germans, Italians, Egyptians, Syrians and Bedawees have been employed by the contractors. When to this motley assemblage the distinguished strangers are added, and when we take into account all the oriental accessories of climate and costume, glowing with the imagery of the Arabian Nights, we can well believe that some truly wonderful life studies will be presented to artists, both of the pen and of the pencil—painters on canvas and painters in words.

THE BYRON CONTROVERSY.

Some of the Magazines for this month still continue this subject. In the new number of the *Quarterly Review* there is an elaborate article upon it. The writer defends Lord Byron from the charge brought against him by Mrs. Stowe, and publishes some letters from Lady Byron to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Leigh, written after the separation, in which she speaks in a tone of affection and confidence quite inconsistent with Mrs. Stowe's disclosure. These letters are the strongest collateral evidence against the truth of the scandal which the *Reviewer* attributes to a monomania of Lady Byron.

LIGHT IN THE EAST.

The native papers of Calcutta are loud in their praises of a work by a Bengalee lady named Kailasibasini Dubi, already known to local fame. The writer is a member of the enlightened and increasing sect of the Brahma-Somaj, to which I referred in a recent letter. The book is called *Vishnu Shobdha*. It is in prose and verse, and comprises "tender effusions on the beauty of the creation and the mercy of the Creator, with meditations upon the loveliness and destinies of the animated world," which are said to be of a very beautiful character.

I am, very truly yours,

REBECCA MOORE.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

WHAT A COLORED WOMAN DID.—The Troy *Whig* says, Miss Charlotte Putnam, a colored domestic, has just died in that city and left three hundred dollars to the Colored Female Benevolent Society; one hundred dollars to the Liberty Street Presbyterian Church; one hundred dollars to enlarge the library of the Sabbath School connected with the church, and several amounts respectively to the Zion M. E. Church and Sabbath school.

UNDER the new voting law in England, 300 women voters are registered in a town no larger than Lincoln; 150 in Stamford; at East Retford, 70, out of a whole ratepaying; while at Norwich, where there 10,000 voters, 1,300 will be women.

VINNIE REAM has gone from Paris to Rome. While in Paris she modeled a bust of Mrs. Fremont. She has made a life-size bust of Gustave Dore. This celebrated artist has taken great interest in Miss Ream, offering her room in his studio, and extending to her many courtesies and kind attentions.

REV. OLYMPIA BROWN (a pastor in Bridgeport, Conn.) has, as a theological student, Miss Mary Graves.

NOTHING can be more reasonable than the suggestion of the Philadelphia *Press*, that as advanced science teaches us to discard the use of noxious drugs, and to rely more upon the curative powers of nature and the kindly offices of the nurse, so it may be that the gentle hand and moral influence of woman peculiarly adapt her to the practice of medicine.

MRS. ELLEN G. GUSTIN was ordained pastor of the Christian church in West Mansfield, last week, the first woman ever ordained in the denomination.

FOUR women were elected members of the school committee in the town of Eastford, Windham Co., Conn, at the recent election.

JANE BRE ONNE, a young girl at Dieppe, has, it is reported, saved the lives of fifteen sailors and fishermen during the past five years. She wears five medals of merit, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

AT the recent election of tax-payers of the city o Newburg, Mrs. Margaret McQuaid, a widow lady owning property in the city, deposited her ballot with the inspectors, unquestioned and unchallenged. This lady is the first of her sex who has ever voted at a public election in Newburg.

MRS. Lucy Bruce Porter has been appointed postmistress of Bowling Green, Ky. She is the daughter of the late Governor Morehead, ex-United States Senator from Kentucky.

The Revolution.

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ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 25, 1869.

OLIVE LOGAN AGAIN.—The lecture on GIRLS by Miss Logan has proved, so far, the grandest success of the season. Boston gave it the largest audience yet assembled in that city; in Philadelphia it was heard by five thousand, the papers said, and hundreds were turned away; while certainly, the largest and most intelligent audience yet seen in Steinway Hall this season listened with the deepest attention to the very last word of it, though occupying in its delivery almost an hour and a half. As so many still wish to hear it, Miss Logan has engaged to repeat it in Cooper Institute, on Monday evening, the 13th of December.

ONE POOR GIRL.

A RUGGED, jovial, full-bearded artist, who is at once a man of the world and a shrewd thinker, tramping over the Autumn fields and by-roads in the country, comes upon a picture of rural content which charms him. He especially observes, in that picture, the face of a beautiful child, typifying Arcadian simplicity and sweetness. This child becomes the mournful heroine of the story which runs through the book which Mr. Wirt Sikes has written and given to the world under the title of "One Poor Girl; the story of thousands." She comes to New York, suffers, is tempted sorely, meets with moving vicissitudes and trials, and is the "one poor girl" whose story is the "story of thousands." These are the chief characters of Mr. Sikes's book; and we never lose sight of one or the other of them, from the first page to the last.

The artist is represented as keeping a journal in which he records his adventures, experiences and studies in those quarters of the metropolis where misery, vice, crime, sorrow and squalor are the familiars. He studies particularly the subject of poor girls and their work; and the array of facts he presents hereupon, is enough to appall the most careless reader. He leads us into dangers which, however lightly he himself seems to hold them, are enough to make us shrink back shuddering as we read; and among all the strange, novel, picturesque, frightful and sickening scenes which he limns with such fascinating fidelity, he walks ever with the clear, cool, observant eye of the moral philosopher, and the keen, ungullible penetration of the man of the world. The man is at once a benefactor and a hero.

It is, we are permitted to see, Mr. Wirt Sikes himself who has done, and for aught we know is still doing, the things which in the book are done by the artist Heysinger. It is Mr. Sikes then who is the benefactor and the hero; and we give him cordially the honor of this, A man who dares disguise himself in rags and dirt, and without knife or pistol, go boldly among theives and cut-throats, wresting his facts from the very jaws of peril, has done more than a good thing—a brave and noble thing.

No one can read his story without honoring him for the courage which wrought it in the life, as much as for the literary skill which wrought it afterward in words. It is written with a degree of force and picturesque effect which are rare, a choice of words which exhibits its scholarly culture—but these mere literary merits, are as nothing compared to the value of the work as a vivid and thrilling picture of the sufferings, temptations and wrongs endured by poor sewing girls in this great wicked city.

As an illustration of the strong, sweeping way in which the author draws a vivid picture in a few words, take this:

> Somewhere down there men are dying—women are shrieking in travail—the sick are tossing on beds of torture. For all the innocent among them who suffer and are tempted, God have pitying care! In the midst of that reek—yes, where it is noisiest—I hear a prayer! Where sin and shame swagger and riot with hideous clamor, some one prays! Out of all that clamor I can distinguish no words; but surely there is a prayer among the foul utterances that rise up heavenward, passing me where I sit. Who prays there?
>
> Some old man, perhaps, praying as life goes out. Some woman, some mother, bending above a dead child, all skin and bones—soul rent from body after days of struggle with cold and starvation. Some poor girl, virtuous, yet hungry; pure yet friendless; unsullied yet scarred with the marks of ill-paid toil; innocent yet suffering more than most of the guilty suffer—at least in this world.
>
> I have had some glimpses of the life that is led by the suffering poor girl in this town. I shall look into this with special care, in the studies I have yet to make; for of all spectacles in this wicked world there is none other so grievous as that of innocence suffering torture.

How innocence suffers torture the story goes on to tell, and in the person of Susie Garland are illustrated the experiences of thousands of girls now living among us. She gets a place to work; her employer endeavors to seduce her, and she flies from the shop. Liquor and the legalized cruelties of husbands kill her mother, and she is driven forth alone. She passes through numberless vicissitudes; she attempts to drown herself; she is locked up in prison; she drags her half-frozen limbs through the wintry streets; she is robbed by her employer, a shirt-seller in the Bowery; she is tempted by the warm clothing and easy lives (as she imagines them to be) of fallen women, and escapes ruin in a moment of peril through the bravery of one of the fallen of her own sex, in a Broadway Concert hall; she struggles with disease, cold, hunger and toil in a Fourth Ward garret; and at the last, when her companion Mary lies dead at her feet, in their barren room in a tenement house, she flees from the city in the night:

> She wandered out in that dark hour with a fierce, sweet thirst in her blood—for the smell of flowers, for the low of cattle, for the song of birds, for the murmur of brooks, for the breath of the summer breeze on her fevered brow. Only to get once more out into the pure air of the open country!—only to feel once more with eager, burning hands the soft touch of green grass and leaves!

The facts which are sprinkled thickly throughout the book, instead of being placed in an appendix or foot-notes, are so woven into the story itself as to give an extraordinary tone of plain, simple truth to it. It does not read at all like a novel. The hero of the book, in searching for the suffering Susie Garland, stumbles on the facts, so to speak, and he gives them to us point by point as he discovers them. Thus chapter twenty-second opens with this passage:

> Breathing poison is not a very uncommon thing, in this city, among all classes of people; but there is no large class which breathes so much poison as do those sewing-girls who work in their own homes, and in shops. The homes are in the vilest quarters of the town, generally; the shops are not seldom in the very cleanest quarters of the town, and yet they are full of poison.
>
> Another grave question has grown upon me since I set out upon this search, whether those who murder the innocents by immersing them in these poison-baths, day after day, are not more guilty than those who pay them a tenth part of what they earn; or even almost as wicked as those who turn them out empty-handed and despairing, to become the prey of infamy?
>
> The worst of these poisonous shops seem to be those which are owned and conducted by *women*.....Here are thirty girls, cooped up in an apartment twelve feet by twenty in dimensions, and lighted by one solitary window. When the girls come to work in the morning, the air is already foul with pent-up poison. Do you know why? *The work-room by day is a bed-room by night!*

We had intended to glean from this book a *resumé* of its facts; but it proves not to be feasible; nor would it be either fair to the book nor to our readers, to do this. After all, it is the narrative into which these facts are threaded that gives peculiar value to the book. As Heysinger remarks, after having told the story of Susie Garland to his mother:

> Mother wept over this story of mine. She has yawned over my theorizing! The simple story of one poor girl touched her motherly, womanly heart, because it was practical and direct. The awful perils and pains of thirty thousand aroused in the dear old soul nothing worse than a little sighing, a little shaking of the head. For Susie Garland, she wept bitterly to-day. Yet she never saw her.

We give Mr. Sikes the benefit of the story he tells, then. He has lectured, we believe, somewhat extensively on the subject with which the book deals, and in writing this story he but reiterates the same facts in a new shape, and a shape calculated to interest many who would "yawn over theorizing"—even theorizing as forcible and practical, as, we do not doubt, Mr. Sikes's lectures contain.

WOMAN IN CHURCH AND STATE.

WHILE a large number of so-called Evangelical ministers are sneering or scoffing at the Woman's Rights enterprise, it is gratifying to know that many of the very best and ablest of them are fast coming to the true position in regard to it. And nothing is more welcome to these columns than any record of such action or sympathy, coming from whence it may. Rev. Lyman Abbott, a well-known and highly respected Congregational minister of this city, in a contribution to the New York *Independent*, has presented a Bible view of the question in the clearest and most concise manner imaginable, and it is difficult to see how any intelligent reader of the Scriptures can resist his conclusions. He says the organization of the early Jewish Church is involved in some obscurity; and it must be confessed that woman's position in it is not very clearly defined. It appears to be certain that the church was democratic in its origin; that even God himself was accepted by Israel as their God *by universal suffrage*; and that the Ten Commandments, though proposed by Jehovah, *were ratified in a general assemblage of the people*. Similar appeals were frequently made throughout the history of Israel to the people. Whether women voted in these assemblages is not perhaps clear. It is not directly asserted that they did. There is certainly nothing to indicate that they did not. If, therefore, the advocates of Woman's Suffrage in church or state cannot point to a direct and

positive authority for it in the Bible, it is at least clear that there is nothing in the Constitution of the Jewish Church to deprive them of this prerogative. Descending from the organization to the administration of the church, we find three offices more or less clearly defined—the priesthood, judgeship, and the prophetic order. Women never were priests. But, as all Protestants, with the exception of a fragment of one sect, are universally agreed *that the priesthood is now altogether abolished*, it is useless to inquire into the cause of this exclusion. The other two offices they held in common with men. Miriam evidently participated, though indirectly, in the administration of the government. Deborah was not only a prophetess, *but also a recognized and honored judge.* Huldah seems to have been at the head of the theological seminary of her day, in the reign of Josiah. Anna, who served God day and night in the temple at the birth of Jesus, fulfilled a prophet's function in the days of Israel's decay. All these women were numbered among the public religious instructors of their respective eras. If Lucy Stone, Antoinette Blackwell, and Anna Dickinson are overstepping the bounds of Woman's Sphere, they are, at all events, in illustrious company.

The organization of the New Testament church, Mr. Abbott says, is veiled in the same, or at least a similar obscurity. Women, however, entered the church in its first organization, and traveled with Christ, a part of his itinerant band, sharing his privations and ministering to his wants. While he lived, his church was an autocracy—He governed it. When he died, the government reverted to the membership. If we cannot say with certainty that women participated directly in its administration, there is at least nothing to indicate the reverse. In the famous instance of the election of Matthias, women were present and apparently shared in the voting as well as the praying. Later they were deaconesses, and apparently presbyters or elders.

Mr. Abbott does not enter into the general question of the teaching of the Bible on woman's social or civil position but refers readers to the last chapter of the book of Proverbs, which he says allots to woman a much larger range of employments than her age permitted, or than even the rules of good society permit to her now. Among the avocations are trade or business—"she maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant;" commerce—"she is like the merchant's ships, she bringeth her food from afar;" agriculture—"she considereth a field and buyeth it, with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vine-yard;" manufactures—"she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff;" teaching—"she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." If we turn from the precepts to the history of the Bible, and read the stories of Jael, Jepthah's daughter, Ruth, Esther, he says we can hardly fail to be impressed by the fact that its heroines are, in many instances, at least, celebrated chiefly for this: that when called on by special exigencies, they did not hesitate to overstep the boundaries which the conventionalism of their age hedged about their sex.

Mr. Abbott thinks there is little in Biblical history to support the popular idea that the Bible forbids woman from taking a more active part in the deliberations, the government, the instructions, and the devotional exercises of the church. Neither under the Old Testament dispensation nor under that of the New Testament was she a "silent partner."

Mr. Abbott does not demand or advocate Woman's Right of Suffrage directly, but from some of his Scripture citations it is easy to see that there is no doubt nor difficulty in his mind regarding it.

P. P.

WOMAN IN THE LYCEUM.

Almost everywhere, woman is boldly trying her hand. And everywhere, so far, with signal success. In the departments of morality, philanthropy and religion, her fields were long ago triumphantly won. The Revolution can hardly so much as record all the grand achievements of woman, even in this city and Brooklyn, as they now almost semi-weekly occur. Miss Kate Field, Olive Logan, and Anna Dickinson have recently addressed splendid houses in the popular courses of lectures now in progress in the two cities, and forever solved the problem of woman's equal ability with man, in this department of literary enterprise.

Of Kate Field the *Tribune* said, that "in a happily devised and smoothly written narrative, she described her personal experiences in the Adirondack woods. The occasion was uncommonly agreeable, and was enjoyed by a large audience—in which the intellect, culture, and fashion of the city were well represented. Miss Field has but recently adopted the lecturer's vocation. Her brilliancy of mind, however, and her soft, gentle, refined, yet piquant manner of delivery, have already gained for her a high professional rank. Miss Field's discourse closed with a touching mention of her visit to John Brown's grave in the Adirondack country, and a tender tribute to his memory."

But the most brilliant success of the season, so far, awaited Olive Logan in her lecture last Wednesday evening in Steinway Hall, which has rarely been more crowded, and never with a more desirable audience. The subject of the lecture was, Girls. And for more than an hour and a quarter the gifted lecturer held her audience in most rapt attention. All that genius, culture, wit, irony, pathos and power of every kind can do to illustrate, to decorate and to enforce an important theme, was put in requisition on that occasion. At the close of several passages, the applause amounted to an *encore*, and when the lecturer retired from the platform, the loudest and heartiest of cheers pursued her till she was wholly out of sight.

The only criticism to which Miss Logan could be justly subject in that lecture must be in her treatment of woman's dress. Her analysis of the "Fashionable Girl" was most cutting and severe, and yet eminently just. But her fearful onslaught upon the "trowsers," as she designated the "Bloomer," the "Health," or the "American Costume," as that style has been called in different times and places, need not, perhaps should not, have been quite so severe, when it is remembered that such women as Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Burleigh, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony were among the very first to adopt it, and wore it, at least a part of them, for years. And however the style may have been somewhat abused by a few indiscreet persons, it has generally been worn only by the most pure, conscientious and noble women in the land.

It has been frequently suggested that too much stress is laid on the subject of dress, especially elegant and fashionable dress, in the Woman's Rights Conventions, and with too much approval of such, in the columns of The Revolution. It may be so. It seems to me dress need not necessarily be made subject of remark at all. When Lucretia Mott and Abby Kelley began to address anti-slavery and temperance meetings, about forty years ago, their apparel then, as now, and ever since then, though model neatness and beauty, throughout, was never subject of remark, certainly in newspaper articles. Why need it be to-day? Let women dress as they will, and must, according to development, all the way from the primitive fig-leaves in Eden, sewed together without needles, thread, or thimble (to say nothing of beeswax) to the sweeping trains, like avalanches of brocade and moire antique, it need not excite surprise nor remark. Everything, to-day, is unnatural and distorted. Dress is harmless as measles, while on the surface only. It is only when the disease "*strikes in*," that it becomes dangerous. Then it reaches the heart, and "from within, out of the heart, proceed evil thoughts" regarding it and a thousand other things, including endless talk, newspaper and otherwise. The world has far more serious business for rich and poor. Deep gulfs there will and must be, between rich and poor, but they need not be dug unnecessarily deep, especially by the rich on so trifling a matter as dress. For while

> The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear,"

so a ladies costliest dress was spun out of the bowels of a loathsome worm. Miss Logan can well afford to spare the "trowsers" in her magnificent lecture, even if the privilege of wearing them is sometimes abused by indiscreet or unworthy persons. Had the short, or Bloomer costume been worn universally for a thousand years, the present sweeping trains through the sleet and slush, the mud and mire of a New York street, on a stormy, dismal day in November or March, worn for the first time, would excite a disgust and horror in the beholders, unheard of and unknown towards the "*trousers*," no matter when, where, or by whom worn.

Of Miss Dickinson's lecture, on Friday evening, in the Brooklyn Academy of Muzic, there is here room only to say that it was entitled Whited Sepulchres, the Mormons sitting for the Picture, which some present say, was painted with more than the ordinary skill and power of the almost matchless artist. The lecture was given for the benefit of a Brooklyn Methodist church and society.

P. P.

We believe that women are unjustly excluded from many callings to which they are specially adapted; that they are fairly entitled to do any work they feel capable of doing, and have a right to a better education and a more complete control of their property than are now generally allowed them. But we do not believe that their introduction into political life is consistent with the preservation of domestic happiness or public virtue, or calculated to promote their own welfare, add to their dignity, or work anything but evil to the commonwealth. And, finally, we hold that in discussing this question we are bound to bear in mind that a man and his wife are not two, but one.—H. G. in *Tribune*.

"A man and his wife one, and that one the man." Woman rejects the old Blackstone idea, and refuses utterly in the light of the nineteenth century to be thus merged. Tyrants have always thought their victims better in a subject condition, than with power to make laws for themselves. If husbands and wives are one, why not hang the man for the woman's crimes? A oneness that accepts all privileges, and abjures all penalties, Horace, will never do.

E. C. S.

WOMAN IN GENESIS.

In last week's Chicago *Advance*, Mrs. Hooker, of Hartford, a name now well known and honored among readers of THE REVOLUTION, had an able and excellent article headed Woman in Genesis. It was in reply to another on that subject in a previous *Advance*, wherein the writer or editor treated of man's superiority and woman's subjection under these heads: "1. Her creation was subsequent to that of man. 2. The first woman was taken from the side of man. 3. Her creation was avowedly to supply man with a companion. 4. She was of the sex which implies maternity." Sometime, the whole article shall reappear in these columns, if room can be made, but to-day an extract must suffice. Under the second head Mrs. Hooker asks:

> What shall we say of a doctrine of supremacy based upon this taking of the first woman from the side of this man when in all the long ages after, every child that has been born into the world has been taken from the womb of his mother, by whom he has been held in blessed and holy companionship for long days and nights and months of days, till her very soul of souls has passed into him, and whose parting from him has been with throes of agony and self-renunciations that have made the name of mother sacred since the world began? Had not the apostle Paul the one true conception of this whole matter when he said, "Nevertheless neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, *in the Lord*. For as the woman is of the man, even so is the man also by the woman, but all things of God."

In an editorial note the *Advance* calls Mrs. Hooker's article special pleading, and closes by saying, "it will take more ingenuity than even Mrs. H. possesses, to explain away the facts which God placed at the very basis of human society." Mrs. Hooker's article raises no quarrel with "the *facts* which God placed at the basis of human society," but rather seeks to get at those facts, which the whole present condition of society proves are most essentially lost, as the *Advance* itself must admit, if Chicago Newspapers, Police reports and Court Records read at home as they do abroad. P. P.

THE PARIS CLERKS ON A STRIKE.—Eight thousand clerks in Paris have struck for higher wages. The owners have begun to supply their places with women, and are succeeding, it is said, wondrously well. The business is mostly retail trade, and women and girls are found quite equal to the requirement. A hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds of male muscularity do seem to be a vast investment to employ in counting out buttons, or skeins of silk, or papers of pins or needles, or sticks of tape, or even in measuring off yards of silk, lace, muslin, or whatever else comes within the purview of a lady's toilet. But tons and tons of such are employed in every large city in America. And all over the West and South women work in the fields the year through, like mules and oxen, and with mules and oxen, and nobody yet questions whether both the city clerks and the field women are "not in their appropriate sphere." What if they should change places? Probably women can be found to do, and do well, every particle of the work done by those eight thousand strikers in Paris, and at a much less price. Let them go to the fields and woods and strike there to better purpose, and where their work would be worth much more. It is now said the strikers have turned the tables upon the shopkeepers by organizing themselves into co-operative societies, and opening enormous stores, exceeding in size any others in Paris. The manufacturers send them all the goods they need, and associations representing an aggregate of two hundred thousand workingmen have promised them their custom. That the relations of Labor to Capital are to be wholly revolutionized is becoming every day and everywhere more apparent, and it cannot be done too soon. P. P.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN FRANCE.—That woman is waking in France to demand her rights is only what should be expected both from the fact of a woman being consort on the throne of that Empire, and the mightiest personage, too, at this moment in not only Europe, but the world, and from some of the most remarkable historical precedents ever known. The *Peuple Francais* of Oct. 28 says that by the side of the Church of St. Eustache, in the Rue Montmartre, is a room in which were held, in 1793, the meetings of the "Club of Feminine Revolutionists." This Society was founded by an actress named Lecombe, who was wounded in the wrist while fighting on the 10th of August. At one of the meetings the following resolutions were passed:

> Whereas, The revolution which has achieved the freedom of man has left woman in a state of slavery; for the purpose of putting an end to a condition of things at once unjust and humiliating, it is resolved—
>
> First, That there should be a declaration of the rights of woman corresponding to that of the rights of man.
>
> Second, That a second National Convention should be created, composed entirely of women, and that the laws passed by the Convention of men should be confirmed or rejected by the Convention of women.
>
> Third, That women should be declared capable of exercising all public functions upon an equality with men.
>
> Fourth, That women accused of crimes or misdemeanors should be tried before a tribunal of their own sex.
>
> Fifth, That men convicted of seduction *avec suites apparentes* should be compelled to marry their victims.
>
> Sixth, That women may have time to exercise their rights, the children at their birth should be confided to the care of the Republic, which should create an establishment at Paris, with branch establishments in the provinces, for the rearing and education of the coming generations in the love of the Revolution, and the hatred of royalty and fanaticism.

It is a not less interesting and remarkable fact, perhaps, that this club was dissolved on motion of Robespierre, as "giving rise to ridicule and evil speech!" To-day, similar associations there are treated better.

SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN.—The Freedmen's Bureau has issued a semi-annual report, for six months ending last July. There were then 2,912 day and night schools, with 3,359 teachers and 149,244 pupils, besides 1,512 Sunday schools, with 6,146 teachers and 107,110 pupils. The report shows that 192,237 of the children were slaves before the war. The freedmen own 759 school buildings, and sustain 1,581 schools wholly or in great part.

The work of the Bureau should not be undervalued, but whoever travels extensively in the South will wish such reports as this had better foundation in the facts as they actually exist.

THE COLORED MEN.—Many of them in Richmond are said to be gradually accumulating little fortunes. One, a livery stable keeper, is said to be worth $30,000; another, a plasterer by trade, owns twenty two houses and twelve vacant lots, and is worth $25,000; another owns property worth $5,000; and there are a dozen others worth from $2,000 to $3,000, and quite a number with $1,000 fortunes. So in Charleston, Columbia, Beaufort, Savannah and other cities; but in view of the swarming myriads everywhere who own nothing and, apparently, under the present labor system never can, it is well not to forget that one swallow never made a summer.

A WOMAN TO BE TRUSTED.—While the newspapers teem with accounts of dishonesty among young men and old men, too, and of incompetency as well, it seems strange that not more women are at least "experimented upon," in the most important financial positions. They could not be worse than the men, either for honesty or capacity. A short time since, a western national bank sent to the Redemption Bureau of the Treasurer's office at Washington, a package of mutilated currency, marked $10,000. The female counter discovered that the package was $980 short. Without leaving her desk she called for the chief of the division, and demanded that the package be counted by two others in her presence. This was done, and her count sustained. She then demanded to be searched, which was complied with, and none of the "old stuff," as it is called, being found, the bank was at once charged with $980 short. In the late war, if a sergeant, or any inferior officer saved a battle, or skirmish, even, by skill, or by bravery, he was promoted to higher rank and pay, and the newspapers sounded his name and his deed all round the land. But no woman is ever so distinguished in her calling, no matter what her ability, or what service she may render the government.

DURING the long and earnest discussion in the Board of the Medical University of Edinburgh on the admission of women as students, Prof. Masson stated that, in the examination which had already taken place, women had exhibited greater knowledge of medicine and surgery than the men. The regulations require that women shall only attend classes entirely composed of females. This discrimination should, to be consistent, exclude male students not only from all examinations where women are patients or subjects, but also from all lectures where allusions to woman's organization make it improper that the two sexes should attend together. Strange that exposure of woman in the lecture-room, to whatever extent, has never shocked the delicate sensibilities of men, and does not now appear absolutely to paralyze them! Macaulay somewhere says, "no spectacle is so ridiculous as the British public in one of its *fits of morality*."..... "Once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous." For the first time, apparently, American virtue, in the medical type of it, has just come to the surface; breaking out at first in the goodly city of Philadelphia. P. P.

WOMEN IN FACTORIES.—There is one practice said to be general in the New England factories which should be widely known. When girls are discharged from service for any reason not satisfactory to the employers, notice is sent to all other similar establishments far and near, warning them not to employ them. The Cocheco Mills Corporation at Dover, N. H., made a reduction in the pay of the operatives last week, amounting to twelve per cent. This was considered oppressive by the working women, and three of their number drew up a paper to be signed by the rest, in which they expressed the determination to resist the reduction. The corporation authorities thereupon discharged the three operatives and notified all the mills in the state of the fact, that they might not find employment in them.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN.

L. P. Brockett, M.D., of Cincinnati, has made a book entitled Woman—her Rights, Wrongs, Privileges and Responsibilities. The learned doctor thinks the right of Suffrage would bring no remedy to social wrongs, but would, on the contrary, be the cause of serious evil. The large number of ignorant women in the lower walks of life—such as domestic servants, factory girls, unskilled workwomen, and the abandoned class, would, if added to our ignorant male voters, form such a mass of ignorance and venality in our voting population, that the stability of the government would be imperilled and a condition of chronic revolution impend. As to the other callings he specifies, it does not yet appear that very many *men* were born to them. But some women, at least, have become most eminent physicians in spite of Dr. Brockett and his logic, and are perhaps much more extensively known and patronized than he, and some are even surgeons of very high repute. And as to the other callings designated, women are even crowding into them, and proving their capability *for* doing, *by* doing. Can any doctor do more, or better? Dr. Brockett should extend his outlook over human possibilities, and the march of events. P. P.

Mr. Greeley on Trains.—We are grieved to learn that our amiable friend of the *Tribune* is defeated in the election for Comptroller of this state. The fact that Mr. Greeley ran far ahead of his ticket in this city, is due undoubtedly to the large circulation of The Revolution in the Metropolis. In the rural districts where our light has not yet penetrated, of course good and honest men are at a discount.

If Mr. Greeley's political disappointment has turned his thoughts from state affairs to the consideration of the artistic in woman's attire, may we not hope that by an easy transition he will in future pay more attention to her inalienable rights? We have been persecuted enough already on the Train question, pray "let us have peace."

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.—This ancient and honorable body held its annual meeting last week in Philadelphia. Mr. Robert Purvis, President of the Society, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, and others, addressed the meetings. Among the resolutions adopted was this:

Resolved, That in the apparent indifference of the Federal government towards the condition of the colored race in the South, and the persistent and formidable oppression exercised towards them by the white rebels, we see lamentable evidence of the need of constant vigilance on the part of all the friends of freedom.

And should the Society go down South and see for itself, it would not particularize "white rebels" as the only foes of the colored race. White republicans from New England and New York are every way as "oppressive" as the old slaveholders; many connected with the Freedman's Bureau not excepted, notwithstanding its rose-colored annual reports. P. P

Friendly Hint.—A Boston correspondent, in a private note to Miss Anthony, says:

Women will find that being voters (if they attain that position) will be only the beginning of a contest. They will have to acquire knowledge and learn how to use it to advantage. They appear already to have found out that being "meek" does not make them "inherit the earth." *To earn the earth or a part of it* is a much more noble way to get it than to *inherit* it, which is to live on the earnings of others.

Hack Driver Swindles.—Almost everybody living in New York warns his friends visiting the city to beware of the hackmen. And there is need of the caution. The other day a widow, living in Brooklyn, reached this city, unaccompanied, by the New Haven railroad. She was told by the hack-drivers that there was no stage or car line running in the neighborhood, and she agreed to give one of the drivers two dollars to take her to the ferry. She paid the money, but after driving about a block the man stopped a stage, which he made her enter, saying that he did not care about going so far. When the woman remonstrated with the driver he threw her baggage into the omnibus and drove off. Every day such outrages are perpetrated, and quite frequently they come to newspaper report. And thousands of fares are lost to honest drivers, if there be any, in consequence. For everybody avoids taking a hack who possibly can. That there are honest hack-drivers, none can doubt. But they owe it to their own pockets, as well as to the public, to so expose them as to drive these perpetrators of such shameless villanies as that on the Brooklyn lady named above (only one instance in thousands), out of the business.

The New Paper in Boston.—The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, referring to the new Woman Suffrage paper in that city, says:

Lucy Stone is here, and with aid is getting the new "Woman's Journal" established. Higginson, Mrs. Howe, Garrison, Miss Stone, Phillips and the rest are in it. I am sorry there seems to be an antagonism between Boston and New York in the woman movement. I don't believe, yet, that there is much need of it. Let those who are mortified at the Train movement, and The Revolution's financial nonsense, consider that every Revolution has to float a good deal of rubbish, and that none of them are quite respectable at first. Was anti-slavery respectable, in the first days, when the anti-slavery sign was taken down to conciliate the Boston counter jumpers and their masters?—(if it was so taken down—for while Mr. Phillips and Mr. Lyman are debating this matter, it is best not to dogmatize on it.) I hope Mr. Higginson and Mr. Garrison will not insist on making the new paper too respectable and conservative.

Warrington.

Work the Rule both Ways.—The N. Y. *Sun*, while condemning the Philadelphia Medical students for their brutal insults to the young women attending the lectures, says, but while we condemn the violent conduct of the Philadelphia young men, we agree with their opinion that there are some branches of medical science which the two sexes had better learn separately.

Does the *Sun*, however, suppose that had the patient on the operating table been a woman, the offenders would have politely and modestly put on their hats and withdrawn?

The New York Harmonic Society will give Handel's grand Oratorio, Judas Maccabæus, in Steinway Hall, Tuesday evening, Nov. 30, with Mrs. Hess, Miss Hutchings, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Thomas as soloists, and a large orchestra, together with the whole strength of the Chorus of the Society. We hope Steinway Hall will be filled.

Home for Working Women.—Cleveland, Ohio, has one, it is said, where young women earning $7 per week or more, are charged $4.50 for board; those earning $5, pay $3.50, and others $3. The home was purchased by Mr. Stillman Witt, Esq., for $5,000, and given to the association.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

CONSTITUTION.

Article 1.—This organization shall be called the National Woman's Suffrage Association.

Article 2.—Its object shall be to secure the Ballot to the Women of the nation on equal terms with men.

Article 3.—Any citizen of the United States favoring this object, shall, by the payment of the sum of one dollar annually into the treasury, be considered a member of the Association; and no other shall be entitled to vote in its deliberations.

Article 4.—The officers of the Association shall be a President, a Vice-President from each of the states and territories, Corresponding and Recording Secretaries, Treasurer, an Executive Committee of not less than five nor more than nine members, located in New York City, and an Advisory Council of one person from each state and territory, who shall be members of the National Executive Committee. The officers shall be chosen at each Annual Meeting of the National Association.

Article 5.—Any Woman's Suffrage Association may become auxiliary to the National Association, by its officers becoming members of the Parent Association and sending an Annual Contribution of not less than twenty-five dollars.

President—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Vice-Presidents.—Elizabeth B. Phelps, New York; Anna E. Dickinson, Penn.; Mrs. Kate N. Doggett, Illinois; Madame Anneke, Wisconsin; Mrs. Lucy B. Elmes, Conn; Mrs. Israel Hall, Ohio; Mrs. Senator Henderson, Mo.; Mrs. Wm. V. Tunstall, Texas; Mattie Griffith Brown, Mass.; Hellen Ekin Starrett, Kansas; Lucy A. Snow, Maine; Elizabeth S. Schenck, Cal.; Grace Greenwood, D. C.; Mrs. Maria R. Matlock, La.; Mrs. P. Holmes Drake, Alabama.

Corresponding Secretaries.—Mrs. L. C. Bullard; A. Adelaide Hallock.

Recording Secretaries.—Abby Burton Crosby, Sarah E. Fuller.

Treasurer.—Elizabeth Smith Miller.

Executive Committee.—Ernestine L. Rose, Charlotte B Wilbour, Mathilde F. Wendt, Mary F. Gilbert, Mrs. D. Grant Meredith, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, Susan B. Anthony.

Advisory Counsel.—Mrs. E. Joslyn Gage, N. Y.; Mrs Francis Minor, Missouri; M. Adeline Thompson, Penn.; Josephine S. Griffin D. C.; Mrs. M. V. Longley, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Humphrey, Kansas; Lilie Peckham, Wisconsin; Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, R. I.; Mrs. Fannie E. Russell, Minn.; Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Conn.,, John Neal, Maine.

Lectures on the History of Music.—Prof. Frederic Louis Ritter is now delivering a series of lectures on the History of Music at Weber's Rooms, in 5th Avenue, corner of 16th street. Professor Ritter holds that the historical and æsthetical development of literature and the plastic arts is familiar, to a certain degree, to every man of education; but with Musical Art, if anything about it is known at all, it is generally through the medium of weak and sentimental novels, resting on no better foundation, for the most part, than ill-substantiated anecdotes; or through superficial newspaper articles, written to serve some interest of the moment. Two lectures have already been delivered. The remainder of the present course will be given on the evenings of the 7th and 21st of December and the 4th of January.

"Woman as God Made Her."—A Baptist minister in Boston, of the sensational order, has published a work thus titled, and several well-meaning persons have sent us some scorching reviews of it. To print them in these columns, however, would only dignify the book and give it an importance it does not deserve, and, on its own merits, never can and never will receive. Until the Dr. Todds and Dr. Bushnells can make out a much better case, the like of this later author had better keep out of the conflict

Wendell Phillips is said to be confined home by an accidental lameness.

The papers tell of a young woman in New York moving in fashionable circles, who is about to appear on the stage, adopting the theatrical profession to support her family, which has recently met with reverses.

Train and the Fenian Girls.—The Fenian girls of San Francisco have presented George Francis Train with a five hundred dollar emerald, surrounded with diamonds on a golden harp, and the *Sun* says they served him right.

Mrs. Phœbe Hudson, eighty years of age, of Decatur, Ill., it is reported, took the first premium at the State fair, on a carpet which she spun and wove with her own hands.

New Haven.—Too late for this week, a most cheering letter came from New Haven. Connecticut is coming right along.

We do not yet regret our donation of The Revolution to the Harvard Theological School. The University being now open to women, we have no doubt that the Theology of the Harvard School will be unsexed by the womanly influence brought so near to it, and we are glad, though too old for college, to use our influence with the fresh, vigorous young women of today.

The women of England have answered the question, "Do the women want to vote." In Sheffield the list of votes just issued contains 34,000 names and nearly 4,000 of those are women. At Leicester the burgess roll is over 16,000 voters and nearly 3,000 of these are women. Yes the women do want to vote, for the population of Leicester is 80,000.

Miss Hattie Pierce, of North Carolina, has raised a profitable tea crop, and is regarded by her neighbors as a sort of sauceress.

Facts for the Ladies.—My wife has used her Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine ten years without repairs and has used *one* needle for the last three years. Charles J. Gray.
Newburgh, N. Y.

LITERARY.

One Poor Girl: The Story of Thousands. By Wirt Sikes. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott & Co. Pp, 225.

An extended notice will be found in another place in The Revolution this week. What Uncle Tom's Cabin was to the slave system, this remarkable book is to the unpitied, unknown working girls of New York and indeed of every large city. It flashes light and almost *lightning* into the cheerless, dismal dens where myriads of them have their dwelling and their dying places. It should be published in cheap editions and dropped at every door. How terribly true it is, that "one half the world knows not how the other half lives!"

The Davenport Brothers, the world-renowned Spiritual Mediums, their Biography and Travels in Europe and America. Boston: William White & Co., 158 Washington street. New York: 119 Nassau street.

A handsome volume of more than 420 pages. And such a volume! If the Davenports are humbugs, as they are so often called, then is the age a more stupendous humbug that it does not show it, prove it, demonstrate it, and tie them down to infamy with knots that all "the spirits of the vasty deep" could never loosen. The age should be ashamed of such deceivers, and of itself for tolerating them an hour, if they be, indeed, deceivers. But there is, after all, a lurking conviction, almost universal, that it is not humbug, not real imposition, nor cheat, the performances of these marvellous young men, even if it be not a manifestation of invisible spirit power. The book is a revelation of wonders, and the organ of Marvelousness will be immensely fed by its contents.

The Catholic World, New York Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau st. 5 dollars a year.

Its table of contents rich and varied as usual. The December number opens with a Farewell sermon from Rev. Father Hecker on leaving to attend the Œcumenical Council. It is very brief, but in some respects fearfully broad in its import. Of "the theories of Humboldt, Huxley, Compte, Mill, Spencer, and certain philosophers of Boston, who dethrone God, deify matter, degrade the rational and spiritual nature of man, and reduce all knowledge to a chaos of skepticism," the reverend Father says, the church will resist these and some other heresies he specifies "*to the last drop of her blood!*" A good deal of so-called church history is written in "blood," Protestant as well as Catholic, although one glorious "Prince of Peace" is known to have declared "My Kingdom is not of this world," else would my servants fight, and much more of like peaceful import.

The Radical. Most important, if not most interesting of all, is the *Radical*, now under sole charge of Mr. S. H. Morse, Mr. Marvin having retired. The future promise of this invaluable journal is well assured by its past. As an exponent of the most advanced religious and theological thought in America, it stands alone and unrivalled, and as such, deserves the sympathy and support of every friend of spiritual as well as mental freedom. Boston: S. H. Morse, 23 Broomfield street. $4 a year, in advance. Single copies 35 cents.

Harper's Bazar. A repository of fashion, pleasure and instruction—and the latter as much as the former. Really it is the best work of the kind in the country. No. 46 has an article by some one on husbands and wives, entitled, "Goose and Gander," which, albeit a little roughish on the gander, is yet quite to the purpose, and will bear reflection with the reading, and that truly is great praise. New York. 10 cents weekly. $4 a year.

Appleton's Journal is an enterprise that succeeds almost beyond anything in its line yet attempted. And deservedly so. Its reading matter and its illustrations are both excellent, and ten cents a week, or $4.50 in advance for it in monthly numbers can hardly be better expended than for it. Appleton & Co., 90 to 94 Grand street, New York.

Merry's Museum for boys and girls. $1.50 a year. Boston: 14 Broomfield street. The *Museum* needs no praising, more than does Mr. Shorey's *Nursery* for youngest readers. One follows the other upward in the household, beautifully. Both are an honor to Boston, and a blessing to all who know and read them.

Linda; or the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole. Being the first volume of an entire new edition of the complete works of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Complete in one large duodecimo volume. Price $1.75 bound in Green Morocco Cloth. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Every Saturday for October 30 and November 6 are both excellent. Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston. 10 cents single numbers.

Putnam's for December numbers eighteen articles, among which are "The Unestablished Church," "The Foci of the Social Eclipse," and "Recollections of Childhood," by Pere Hyacinthe (a poem in French). New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 4 dollars a year.

The Atlantic Monthly. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 4 dollars per annum. December has several excellent articles, among which is one entitled "John," (Chinaman) by Mr. A. D. Richardson, an extract of which will be found in another column.

Demorest's Young America. A juvenile, full of pretty pictures and reading for children. 1,50 per annum. Published at 838 Broadway, New York.

The Little Wanderer's Friend. The Missions Home organ at 40 New Bowery, New York; published there at fifty cents per annum.

The River Side Magazine. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Houghton & Co., Cambridge, Mass. $2,50 a year in advance. The Prospectus for 1870 offers (as it need hardly have done) greater attractions than ever to the patrons of this almost unrivalled journal for young people. Both its reading matter and illustrations are already all that reasonable persons can desire.

Plymouth Pulpit. A weekly publication of sermons, by Henry Ward Beecher. Ford & Co., 39 Park Row. $3 a year, or ten cents a single copy.

Popping the Question; or The Belle of the Ball, by Mrs. Gordon Smythies; author of "The Jilt," "The Breach of Promise," "The Marrying Man," "Old Love and the New," "Cousin Geoffrey," "Hyiton House," etc. One volume octavo—price 75 cents. Philadelphia: Peterson Brothers, 306 Chesnut st.

Peters's Musical Monthly. J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York. $3.00 a year, 30 cents single.

Ladies Repository. Literary and religious. Rev. J. Willey, editor. Cincinnati, O. Hitchcock & Walden, $350 per annum.

Tontine Mutual Insurance.—A new Company has been formed with a capital of $125,000 (*one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars*), *one hundred thousand dollars* of which has been deposited in the Insurance Department of the State of New York, for the protection of the policy-holders. This Company proposes to provide a cheap insurance for the great mass of people, who, from lack of means, cannot insure their lives on the older—so much per year—plan. This plan is simple; the members are distributed into classes. Example—Class A, includes all persons between the ages of 15 and 35; Class B, between 35 and 45; Class C, between 45 and 60. Each person joining is put into a class of about his own age. These classes are limited to 5,000 people. When a class is full, no new members are admitted until a vacancy occurs; then the vacancy is immediately filled by a new member, so that when a class is full it will continue so. The Company guarantees in its policies that each class shall reach 1,000 members, so that the heirs of any member dying before his class has 1,000 members, would receive $1,000, and, if the class were full, $5,000. Each person insuring on this plan pays as a policy fee, $15 only. This $15 is paid once—he also pays $1.10 whenever one of the insured in his particular class dies. The heirs of a deceased member will receive as many dollars as there are members at the time of his death. This cannot be less than $1,000, as the Company guarantees so many members. The Company is the responsible agent, and the members are the insurers. They insure one another in the sum of $1 each; if they do not pay, the Company pays for them. To do this, the Company must receive a compensation—that is the $15. This insurance is within the reach of all. The Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Clergy of some States, the Post Office Clerks and many Societies have adopted this form of making provision for those who are dependent on them. But the Farmers and Mechanics Life Insurance Company of 200 Broadway, New York, is the only regularly organized Life Insurance Company with a cash capital and a deposit of *One Hundred Thousand Dollars* with the State, that purposes to issue policies of this kind. This Company must set aside the legal reserve (the same as other companies), and must make an annual report to the State; consequently it is as safe as any other Insurance Company. The Directors and officers are among the most prominent and wealthy men of the country, and, without an exception, are stockholders and personally interested in the success of the Company.

Miss Julia C. Addington was elected superintendent of the common schools, in Mitchell Co., Ia, at the recent election, October 12.

Publisher's Department

PROSPECTUS OF
THE REVOLUTION FOR 1870.

THE REVOLUTION is a weekly journal demanding Suffrage for Women.

The demands for woman everywhere to day, are for a wider range of employments, higher wages, thorough physical and mental education, and her civil rights o person, property, wages and children. While we yield to none in the earnestness of our advocacy of any of these, we make the broader demand of woman's enfranchisement as the only way by which all special privileges can be permanently secured. No class of citizens, either men or women, can ever feel a proper self-respect, or command the respect of others, until their political equality—their citizenship be fully recognized.

In discussing, as we shall incidentally, the many sides of all questions of national life—of science, philosophy, society, religion and politics, of finance, trade, capital, labor and land monopoly, of sanitary, educational and prison reform, we propose, to educate women for an intelligent expression of opinion at the polls, where, in he march of civilization, she is so soon to share in the grave responsibilities of government.

While we would not refuse men an occasional word in our columns, yet as masculine ideas have ruled the race for six thousand years, we specially desire that THE REVOLUTION shall be the mouth-piece of women, th they may give the world the feminine thought in politics, religion and social life; that ultimately in the union of both we may find the truth in all things.

On the idea taught by the creeds, codes and customs of our times, that woman was made for man—his toy, drudge, victim, subject, or even mere companion—we declare war to the death, and proclaim the higher truth that, like man, she was created by God for INDIVIDUAL, MORAL RESPONSIBILITY and progress here and forever, and that the physical conditions of her earthly life are not to be taken as the principal evidence of the Divine intention respecting her as an immortal being.

Our special contributors this year are:

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER,
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
ALICE AND PHEBE CARY,
OLIVE LOGAN,
MARY CLEMMER AMES,
ELIZABETH R. TILTON,
CELIA BURLEIGH,
ELEANOR KIRK,
M. E. JOSLYN GAGE,
CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR,
LAURA C. BULLARD,
ELIZABETH SMITH MILLER,
MADAME ANNEKA,
MADAME D'HERICOURT,
KATE N. DOGGETT,
ISABELLA GRANT MEREDITH,
PHEBE COUZENS,
LILIE PECKHAM,
LIZZIE M. BOYNTON,
HELEN EKIN STARRETT,
MARY W. SAWTELL,
ELIZABETH T. SCHENCK,

FOREIGN.

REBECCA MOORE,
LYDIA E. BECKER,
MADAME MARIE GOEG.

In announcing this brilliant array of contributors for the coming year, we wish to say to our readers that as THE REVOLUTION is an independent journal, bound to no party or sect, those who write for our columns are responsible only for what appears under their own names. Hence if old Abolitionists and Slaveholders, Republicans and Democrats, Presbyterians and Universalists, Saints, Sinners and the Beecher family find themselves side by side in writing up the question of Woman Suffrage, they must pardon each other's differences on all other points, trusting, that by giving their own views strongly and grandly, they will overshadow the errors by their side.

About to enter on our third year, it gives us pleasure to say that THE REVOLUTION started with a good list of subscribers, which was more than doubled the second year. Equal patronage in the future will soon place us on a permanent basis, and make a woman's paper in this country a financial success.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

TERMS:

One year—52 copies.....$3 00
Six months—26 " 2 00

CLUB RATES:

Ten copies " 25 00
Twenty five copies " 50 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

1 insertion.....20 cents a line.
4 " .....18 " "
13 " .....16 " "
52 " .....14 " "

CASH COMMISSIONS TO AGENTS.

Those sending us from 25 to 50 subscribers may retain 75 cents per copy; from 50 to 100, $1 a copy.

All communications should be directed to SUSAN B. ANTHONY, 49 East 23d Street, New York.

CANVASSERS WANTED EVERYWHERE.—Women Lecturers, Teachers, Dressmakers, Postmistresses—yes, and Postmasters—are requested to forward subscriptions, retaining their commissions as above.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.—Those subscribing NOW for 1870, and sending $3, shall receive THE REVOLUTION to the end of the year, FREE; also a copy of John Stuart Mill's new book, "The Subjection of Women."

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.—Those who wish a copy of Mr. Mill's invaluable book, will see that their subscriptions and renewals for 1870 must be sent in immediately as the book will be sent only until January.

RENEW NOW.—Those renewing their subscriptions to THE REVOLUTION NOW, for 1870, and sending $3 will receive a copy of John Stuart Mill's new book, "The Subjection of Women."

PREMIUMS.—Persons sending us six new subscribers and $18, will receive a copy of the new English book, "Woman's Work and Woman's Culture," or Mrs. Dall's "College, Court and Market."

OUR EXCHANGE LIST.—Editors publishing our prospectus for 1870, and making editorial notice thereof, prior to January 1st., sending us a marked copy, shall have their names enrolled on our exchange list for the coming year.

A PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Persons having business with the New York State Suffrage Association, should address the Secretary, Mrs. M. E. Joslyn Gage, Fayetteville, Onondaga Co., N. Y. Especially, let there be no delay in answering her letters. It is important that she be kept informed of the doings, the progress, and also of the needs of the various auxiliaries, both organized and individual throughout the state.

Financial Department.

THE MONEY MARKET

closed easy on Saturday at 6 to 7 per cent., with exceptional transactions on governments at 5 per cent. Prime business paper ranged from 10 to 15 per cent., and single names from 12 to 24 per cent The weekly bank statement is considered unfavorable, showing an increase in loans of $1,887,451, and a decrease in the legal tenders of $2,640,540. The specie is increased $1,173,378, and the deposits decreased $20,116.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks this week compared with the preceding week:

	Nov. 13.	Nov. 20.	Differences.	
Loans,	$251,180,557	$253,068,008	Inc.	$1,887,451
Specie,	26,755,693	27,929,071	Inc.	1,173,378
Circulation,	34,212,867	34,231,922	Inc.	19,055
Deposits,	183,754,306	183,734,190	Dec.	20,116
Legal-tenders,	51,091,661	48,455,121	Dec.	2,640,540

THE GOLD MARKET

was dull and weaker at the close of the week, fluctuating between 126⅝ and 126½.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
M'nday, Nov. 15,	126⅝	127⅛	126⅝	127
Tuesday, 16,	127⅛	127⅛	127⅛	127⅛
Wednesday, 17	127⅛	127⅛	126⅞	127⅛
Thursday, 18,	(Thanksgiving.)			
Friday, 19,	126⅞	126⅞	126⅝	126⅝
Saturday, 20,	126⅝	126⅝	126⅝	126⅝

The exports of specie for the week were $172,074 making the aggregate since January 1, $30,157,213.

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

closed steady on Saturday, prime bankers sixty days sterling bills being quoted 109 to 109⅛, and sight 109⅛ to 109⅜.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

on Saturday closed weak in the Vanderbilt shares, but strong in the Western stocks.

The following are the closing quotations:

Cumberland, 26¼ to 27½; W., F. & Co. Ex., 18½ to 19; American, M. U., 34½ to 35; Adams, 58 to 58½; United States 52 to 53; Merch. Un., — to —; Quicksilver, 12½ to 14; Canton, 52 to 53; Pacific Mail, 53½ to 53¾; West. Un. Tel., 36½ to 36⅝; N. Y. Central, 182½ to 182¾; Erie, 28½ to 28¾; Erie preferred, 46 to 50; Hudson River, 162 to 163; Harlem, — to —; Harlem preferred, — to —; Chicago & Alton, — to —; Chicago & Alton pref., — to —; Reading, 97⅜ to 97¾; Toledo & Wabash 58½ to 59; Toledo & Wabash preferred, — to —; Mil. & St. Paul, 68½ to 68¾; Mil. & St. Paul preferred, 83½ to 83¾; Fort Wayne, 85⅝ to 85¾; Ohio & Miss., 26⅛ to 27; Michigan Central, 120 to 121; L. S. & M. So., 89½ to 89¾; Illinois Central, 138 to 140; Cleve. & Pitts., 82½ to 83; Rock Island, 103½ to 103¾; N. Western, 71½ to 71¾; N. Western pref. 86 to 86¼; Mariposa, 8 to 8½; Mariposa preferred, 16¼ to 16½.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

were weak, and declined at the close of the week owing to the pressure of sales.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations:

United States currency sixes, 107¼ to 108; United States sixes, 1881, registered, 117½ to 117¾; United States sixes, 1881, coupon, 117⅝ to 117⅞; United States five-twenties, registered, May and November, 113 to 113¼; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1862, May and November, 115⅜ to 115⅝; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1864, May and November, 113¼ to 113½; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1865, May and November, 113⅜ to 113¾; United States five-twenties, registered, January and July, 115⅛ to 115¼; United States five-twenties, 1865, coupon, January and July, 115⅜ to 115½; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1867, January and July, 115⅝ to 115¾; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1868, January and July, 115⅝ to 115⅞; United States ten-forties, registered, 107⅛ to 107⅜; United States ten-forties, coupon, 107⅝ to 107¾.

THE CUSTOM DUTIES

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